

THE
EDINBURGH
MUSICAL MISCELLANY:
A 1062
COLLECTION

OF THE MOST APPROVED
SCOTCH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH
SONGS,
SET TO MUSIC.

SELECTED BY D. SIME, EDINBURGH.

VOL. II



EDINBURGH:

Printed for John Elder, T. Brown, and C. Elliot,
Edinburgh, and W. Coke, Leith.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

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THE favourable reception which the first volume of the Edinburgh Musical Miscellany met with, has induced the Editors to bring forward a second Volume, conducted upon a similar plan, selected, they hope, with equal judgment and taste, and which they flatter themselves will merit a degree of public approbation equal to the former.

A great variety of admired
Scots and Irish Airs are here in-
Vol II a

troduced, which the nature of our plan prevented us from inserting in the former work; and, to render this volume a fit sequel to the first, it is also enriched with the latest and most admired songs of Dibdin, Hook, and other celebrated Composers.

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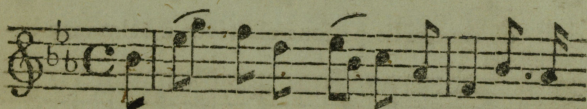
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THE
EDINBURGH
MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

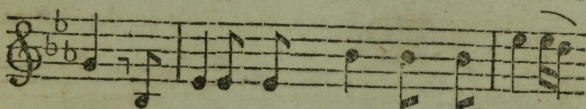
SONG I.

THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST OF HIS CARE-KILLING
BOWL.

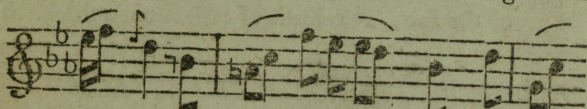
SUNG BY MR BOWDEN.



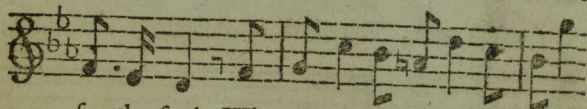
Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing



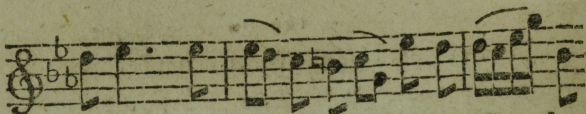
bowl, And Folly in thought-drowning revels



de-light, Such worship a-las! hath no charms



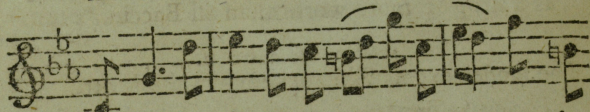
for the soul, When softer devotions the senses



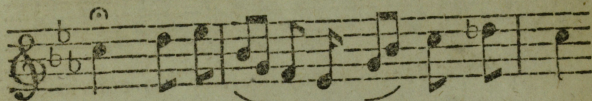
in-vite : When softer devotions the fen-fes



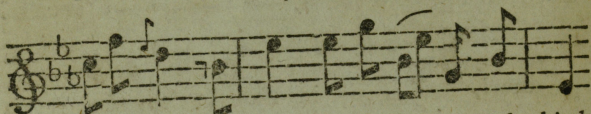
invite. To the arrow of fate, or the canker



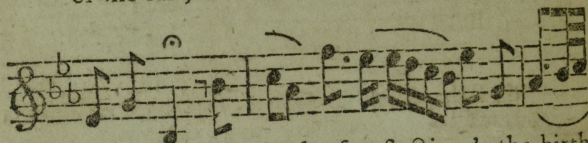
of care, His potions oblivious a balm may be-



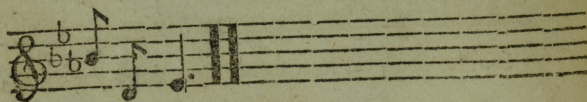
flow : But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms



of the fair, The death of reflection 's the birth

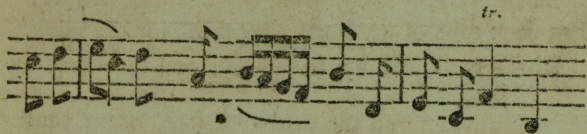


of all woe : The death of reflection 's the birth



of all woe.

What foul that's possest of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

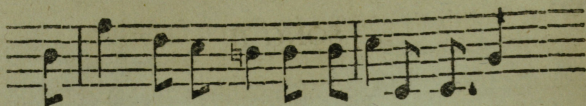


Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

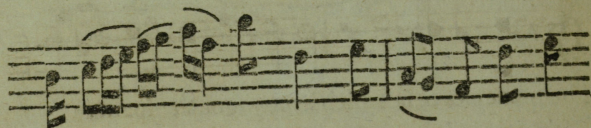
The tender excess which enamours the heart,
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have died.
 And fools, &c.

Each change and excess hath through life been my
 doom,
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.
 But love's, &c.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul:
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
 And drop, &c.



Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet remove,
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by
 love.



That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by love.

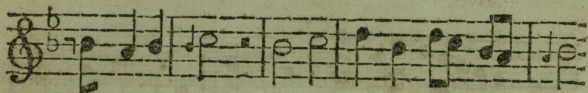
✿ *The above Notes are trifling deviations from the original melody, to suit the expression of the different stanzas.*

SONG II.

FLOW THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.



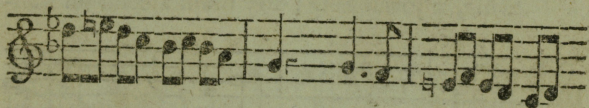
Flow thou regal purple stream, Tincted by



the solar beam ; In my goblet sparkling rife,



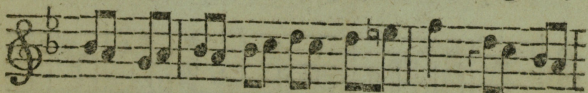
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes : Flow thou



re - gal purple stream, Tincted by the so -



lar beam ; In my gob - - let spark-ling rife,



Cheer my heart and glad my eyes : In my



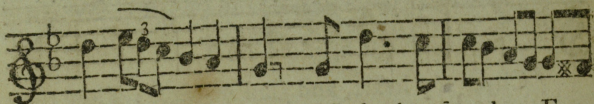
sparkling goblet rise, Cheer my heart and glad



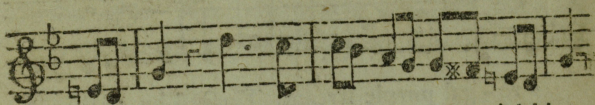
my eyes, Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes.



My brain ascend on Fancy's wing, 'Noint me



wine, a jovial king : My brain ascend on Fan-



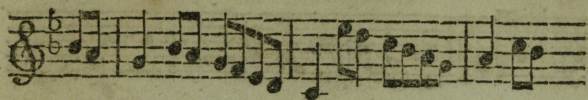
cy's wing, 'Noint me, wine, a jo-vial king :



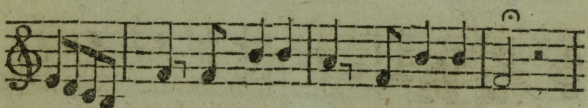
My brain ascend on Fancy's wing, 'Noint me,



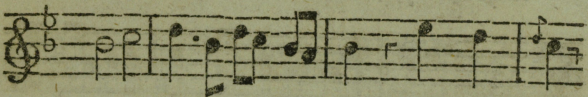
wine, a jovial king, 'Noint me, wine, a jo-



vial king, a jo - - - - -



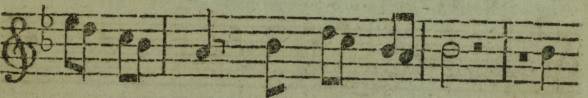
- - vial king, a jovial king, a jovial king.



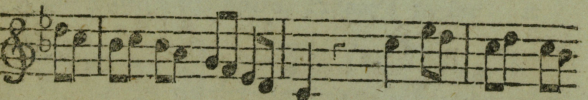
While I live, I'll lave my clay ; When I'm dead



and gone away, Let my thirsty subjects say, A



month he reign'd, and that was May : While



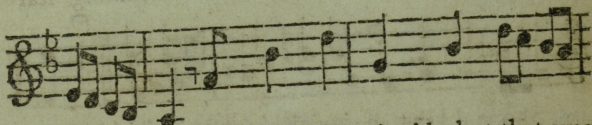
I live, I'll lave my clay ; When I'm dead, and



gone away, Let my thirsty subjects say, A month



he reign'd, but that was May: Let my thirsty



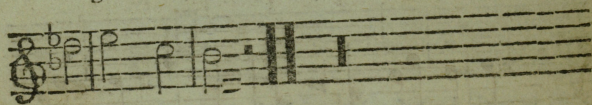
subjects say, A month he reign'd, but that was



May: Let my thirsty subjects say, A month he



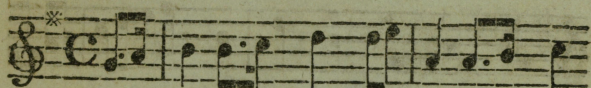
reign'd, but that was May, but that was May,



but that was May.

SONG III.

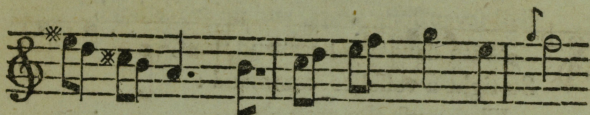
SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.



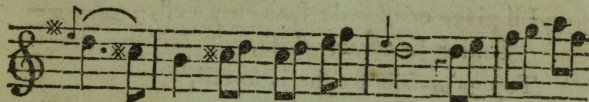
'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars



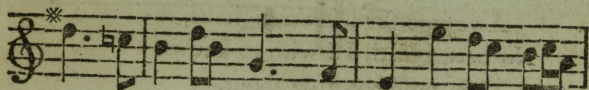
Shone on the rippling sea : No duty call'd the



jo-vial tars, The helm was lash'd a--lee,



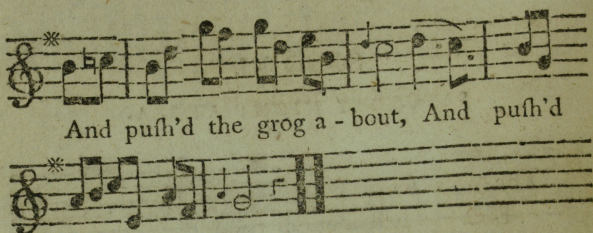
The helm was lash'd a--lee. The ample



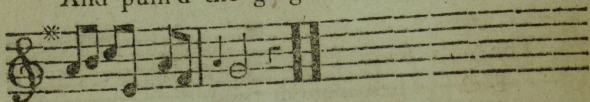
can adorn'd the board, Prepar'd to see it



out, Each gave the lash that he a---dor'd



And push'd the grog a - bout, And push'd



the grog a -- bout.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim,
 All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast :
 I'd venture life and limb,
 Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command :
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
 Sailing in comely state,
 Top ga'nt-fails fet she is so tall,
 She looks like a first-rate.
 Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better birth I'd wish to know :
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
 Trim, handsome, neat, and tight.
 What joy, so neat a ship to man !
 Oh ! she's my heart's delight.

So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife ;
Then push the grog about:

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied :
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out ;
For in soft visions gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

SONG IV.

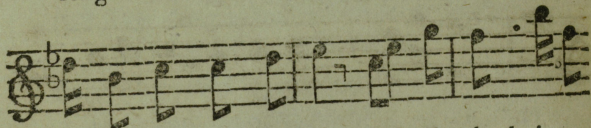
COME SING ROUND MY FAVOURITE TREE.



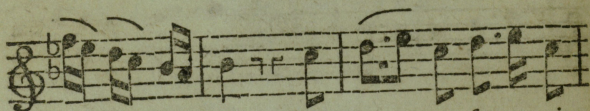
Come, sing round my fa-vou-rite tree, Ye



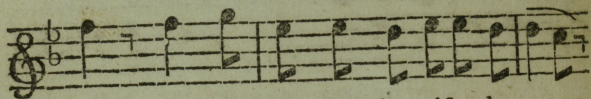
songsters that visit the grove; 'Twas the haunt



of my shepherd and me, And the bark is a



re - cord of love. Sing round my fa-vou-rite

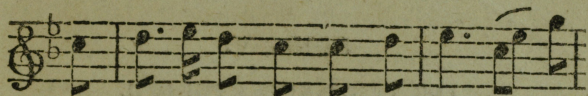


tree: Come, ye songsters that visit the grove,



'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me, 'Twas

R.O.



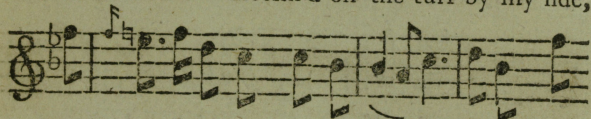
the haunt of my shepherd and me, And the



bark is a record of love, And the bark is a re-



cord of love. Reclin'd on the turf by my side,



He ten - der - ly pleaded his cause, I only with



blushes reply'd, I on - ly with blushes reply'd,



And the nightingale fill'd up the pause, The



nightingale fill'd up the pause. Come sing. D. C.

VOL. II.

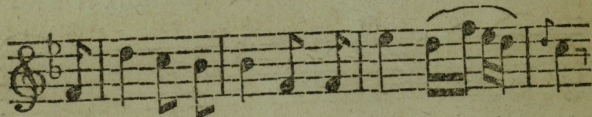
B

R.O.

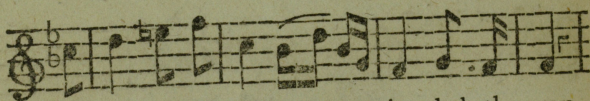
SONG V.
FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.



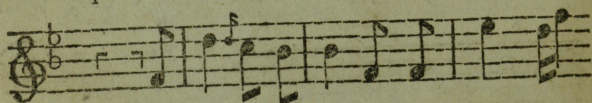
For tenderness form'd in life's early day,



A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way,



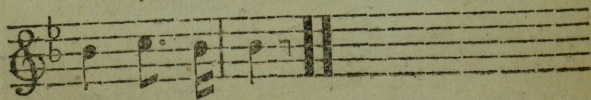
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way.



The lesson of pi - ty was caught from



her eye, And ere words were my own I



spoke with a sigh.

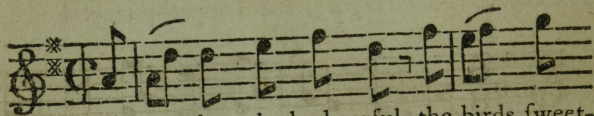
The nightingale plunder'd, the mate widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion, yet rest in the glow,
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the
flame.

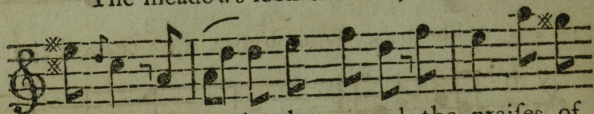
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SONG VI.

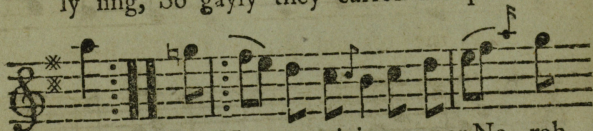
THE LASSES OF DUBLIN.



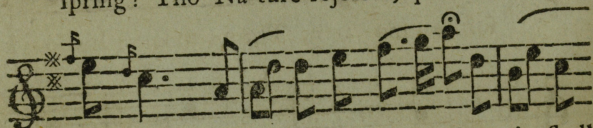
The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweet-



ly sing, So gayly they carrol the praises of



spring! Tho' Na-ture rejoices, poor No - rah



shall mourn, Until her dear Patrick again shall



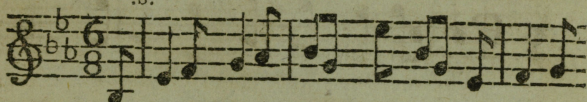
return. Tho' gain shall return.

Ye Lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms:
Tho' faddins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

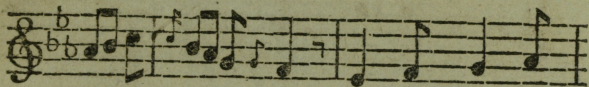
SONG VII.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

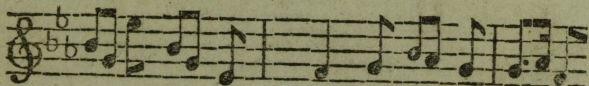
:S:



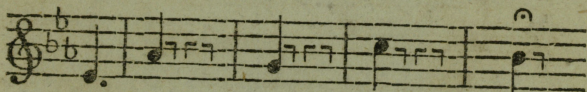
The hardy sailor braves the ocean, Fearless



of the roaring wind ; Yet his heart, with



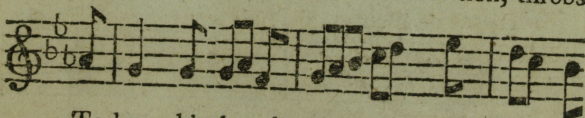
soft e - mo - tion, Throbs to leave his love be-



hind : Throbs, throbs, throbs, throbs :



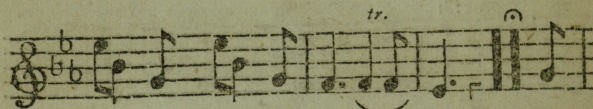
Yet his heart, with soft e - - mo - - tion, throbs



To leave his love be - hind - - - To leave his



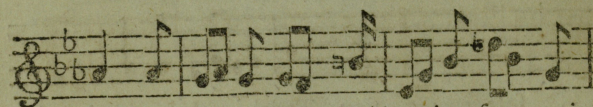
love be-hind ----- To



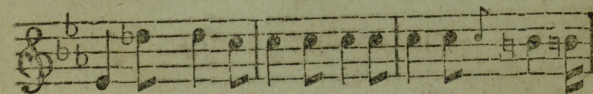
leave, to leave his love behind. To



dread of foreign foes a stranger, Tho' the



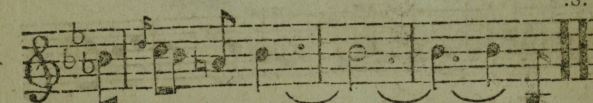
youth can dauntless roam, Alarming fears paint



ev'-ry danger, In a rival left at home: A-



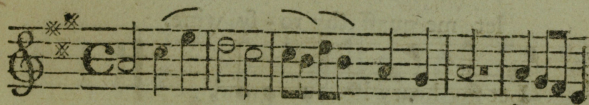
larming fears paint ev'ry danger In a ri-



val left at home ----- The. D.C.

SONG VIII.

PRECIOUS GOBLET.



See the jol-ly jol -- ly god appears, In --



his hand the bowl he rears, Quaffing let



me drown my cares, And all --- thy no --



ble spirit share Pre -- cious gob-let, cup



divine, Let me, let me quaff thy rosy wine :



Pre --- cious gob -- let, cup divine, Let me



let me quaff thy ro - fy wine.

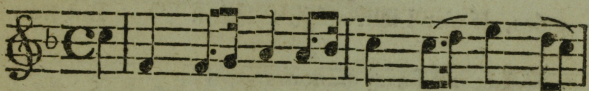
Let my hoary honours grow,
 Wrinkles trespass on my brow;
 Let them come, prepar'd I stand,
 And grasp my goblet in my hand.
 Precious goblet, &c.

Cupid, in my youthful hour,
 Led me captive of his pow'r,
 Now, with branches from the vine,
 I guard me from his dart divine.
 Precious goblet, &c.

Bacchus! jolly God, appear!
 None but choicest souls are here,
 Pierce thy oldest, deepest cask,
 And let us drain the frequent flask.
 Precious goblet, &c.

SONG IX.

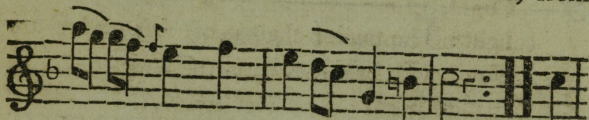
MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO WOND'ROUS FREE.



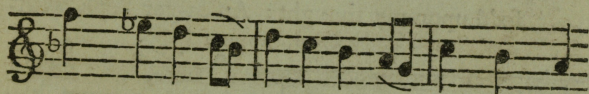
My days have been so wond'rous free, The



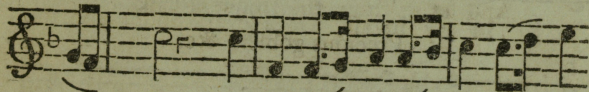
little birds that fly, With careless ease, from



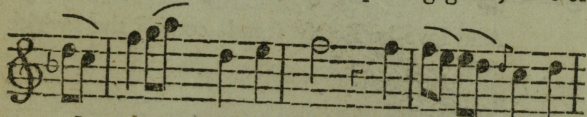
tree to tree, Were but as blest as I. Ask



glid-ing wa-ters, if a tear Of mine increas'd



their stream; Or ask the passing gales, if e'er



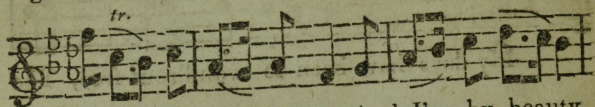
I lent a sigh to them: Or ask the passing

Slow.

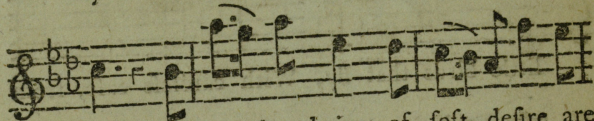
tr.

gales, If e'er I lent a sigh to them.

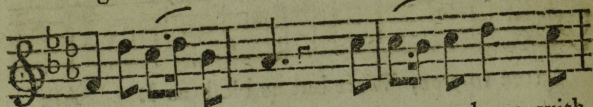
But now



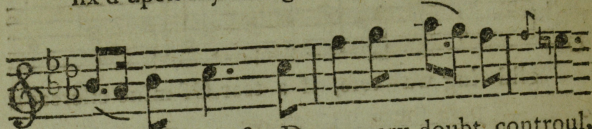
my former days retire, And I'm by beauty



caught: The tender chains of soft desire are



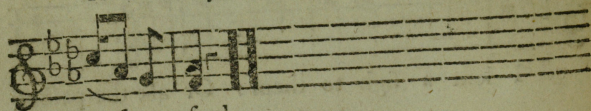
fix'd upon my thought: An eager hope, with-



in my breast, Does every doubt controul,



And love-ly Bet-sy stands confest the fav'rite



of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye fwains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love.

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design.
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make her ever mine.

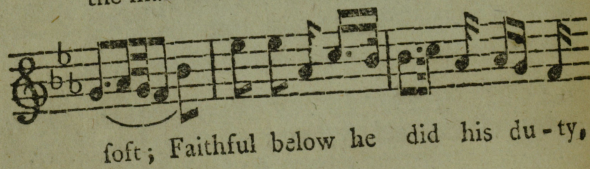
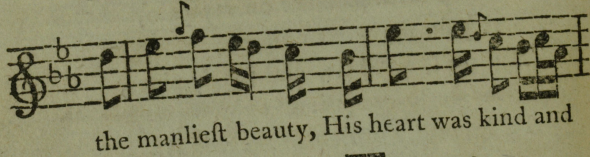
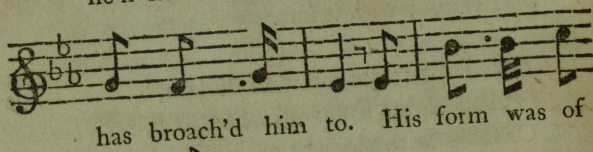
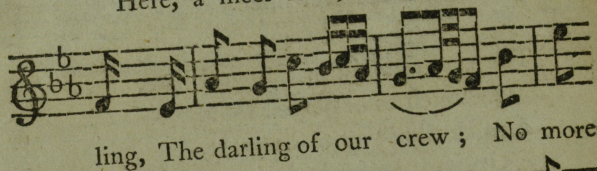
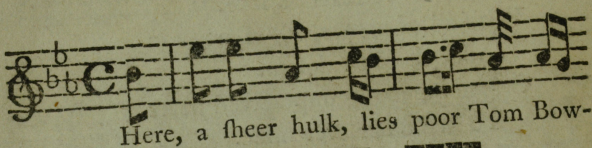
The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair !
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true, the passion of my mind
 Is mixt with soft distress ;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

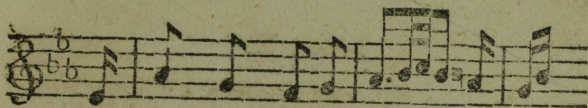
But if she treats me with disdain,
 And flights my well-meant love,
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she wont remove ;
 Farewell, ye birds, and lonely pines,
 Adieu to groans and sighs.
 I'll leave my passion to the winds,
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

N. B. *The Second and Third Stanzas must be sung to the last Air, and the Fourth Stanza to the Former.*

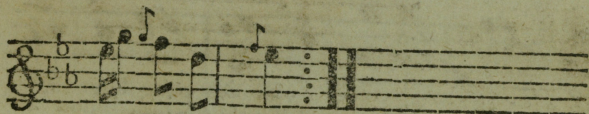
SONG X.

POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.





And now he's gone a --- loft, And now



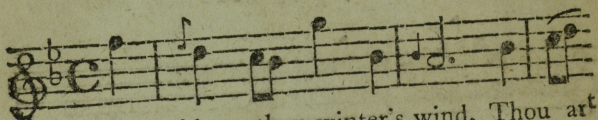
he's gone a - - loft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair :
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

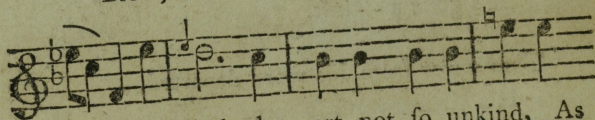
Yet shall Poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When he who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
 For, tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

SONG XI.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.



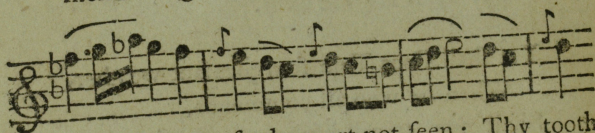
Blow, blow, thou winter's wind, Thou art



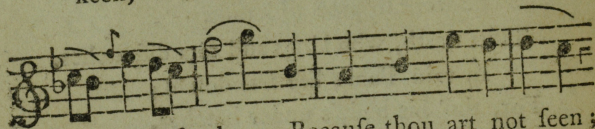
not so unkind, thou art not so unkind, As



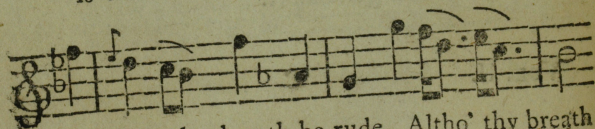
men's in-gra-ti-tude: Thy tooth is not so



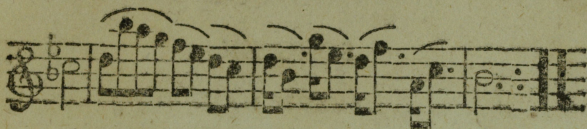
keen, Because thou art not seen; Thy tooth



is not so keen, Because thou art not seen;



Altho' thy breath be rude, Altho' thy breath



be rude, Al - tho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefit forgot :

Tho' thou the waters warp,

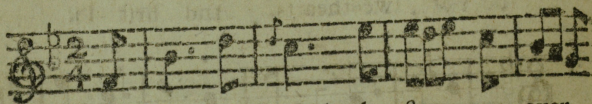
Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Cx

SONG XII.

BUXOM NAN.



The wind was hush'd, the storm was over,



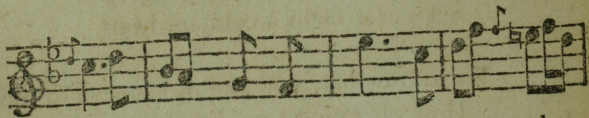
Unfurl'd was e -- very flowing sail, From toil.



releas'd, when Dick of Dover Went with his



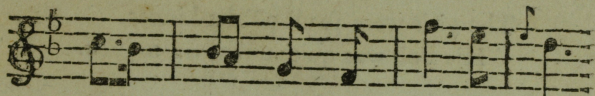
mesmates to re - gale. All danger's o'er, cried



he, my neathearts, Drown care, then, in the



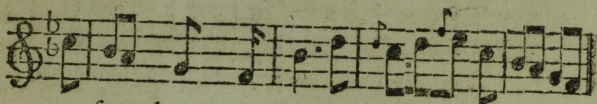
smiling can : Come, bear a hand, let's toast



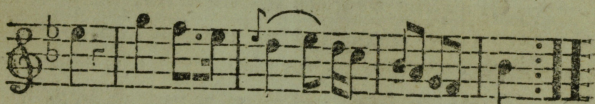
our sweethearts, And first I'll give



my buxom Nan: Come, bear a hand, let's toast



our sweethearts, And first I'll give my buxom



Nan, First I'll give my buxom Nan.

She's none of they that's always giggling,
And stem and stern made up of art;
One knows a vessel by her rigging,
Such ever slight a constant heart.

With straw-hat, and pink-streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
To see him stare when he came back,

The girls were so all off the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack.

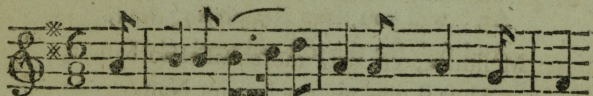
Tant mast'd all, to see who's tallest,
Breast works, top-ga'nt sails, and a fan;
Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast,
Ah still give me my buxom Nan.

None on life's sea can sail more quicker,
To shew her love, or serve a friend:
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word more, and there's an end.

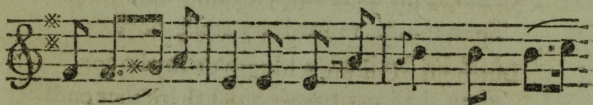
Of all the wenches whatsoever,
I say, then, find me out who can,
One half so true, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

SONG XII.

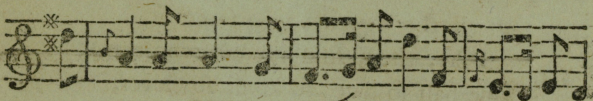
SOMEBODY.



Were I oblig'd to beg my bread, And had



not where to lay my head, I'd creep where yon-



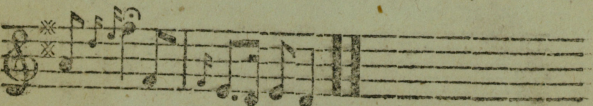
der herds are fed, And steal a look at somebody.



My own dear somebody, my constant somebody,



I'd creep where yonder herds are fed, and steal



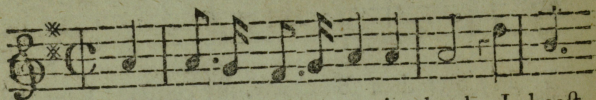
a look at some-bo-dy.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,
 And maybe number'd with the blest,
 Oh! may thy artless feeling breast
 Throb with regard for—Somebody:
 Ah! will you drop the pitying tear,
 And sigh for the lost—Somebody?

But should I ever live to see
 That form so much ador'd by me,
 Then thou'lt reward my constancy,
 And I'll be blest with—Somebody:
 Then shall my tears be dried by thee,
 And I'll be blest with—Somebody.

SONG XIII.

WHILST HAPPY IN MY NATIVE LAND.



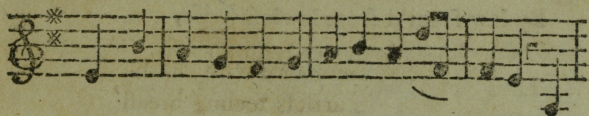
Whilst happy in my native land, I boast



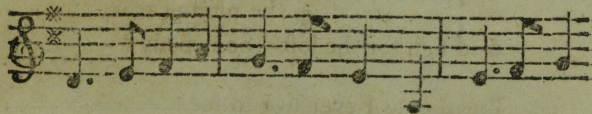
my country's charter, I'll never basely lend my



hand, Her liberties to bar-ter. The no-ble



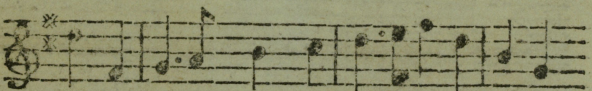
mind is not at all By poverty degraded, 'Tis



guilt alone can make us fall, And well I am



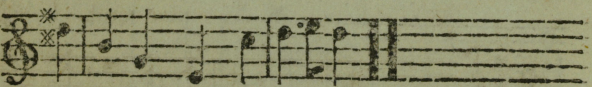
persuaded, Each free-born Briton's song should



be, Or give me death or liberty, or give me



death or liberty, or give me death or liberty,



or give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,

And few the gifts she sends us,

The lordly hireling often wants

That freedom which defends us.

By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum ;
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell them ?
 No:—ev'ry Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty, &c.

SONG XIV.

THE VOLUNTEER.



A scarlet coat, and smart cockade, Are pas-



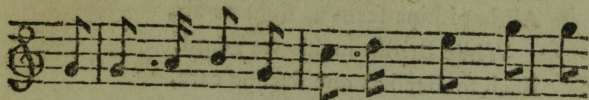
ports to the fair ; For Venus self was kind, 'tis



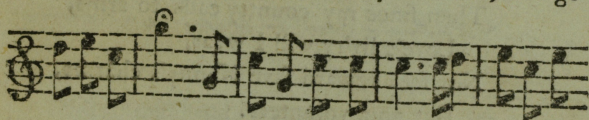
said, To Mars the God of war. Then, since my



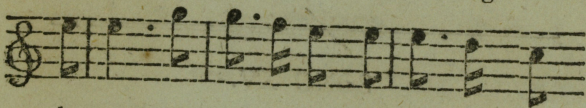
country calls to arms, Love's livery will I wear ;



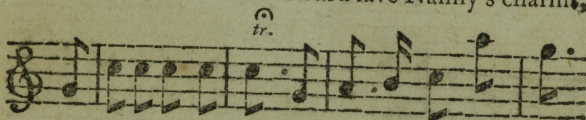
Nor seek reward fave Nanny's charms, But go



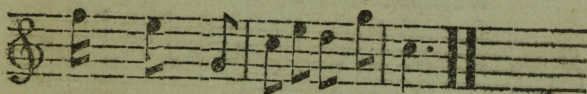
a volunteer, but go a volunteer, but go a vo-



lunteer; Nor seek reward fave Nanny's charms,



But go a volunteer, Nor seek reward fave Nan-



ny's charms, but go a volunteer.

Should fortune smile, and grant me fame,

The laurel will be thine,

The flowers of love I only claim,

Ah! let their sweets entwine.

Then since my country calls to arms,

Love's liv'ry will I wear,

Nor seek reward fave Nanny's charms,

But go a volunteer.

All hardships seem as light as air,
 While British maids we guard,
 Each foldier has one darling care,
 Her smiles his best reward.

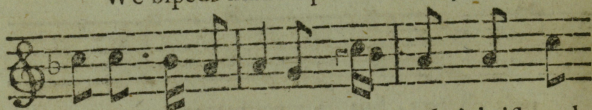
Then since my country calls to arms,
 Love's liv'ry will I wear,
 Nor seek reward save Nanny's charms,
 But go a volunteer.

SONG XV.

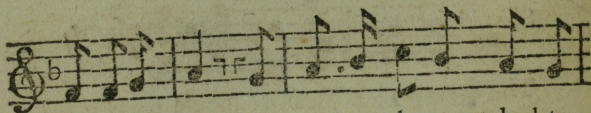
SOUND ARGUMENT.



We bipeds made up of frail clay, Alas are



the children of sorrow; And tho' brisk and



merry to-day, We all may be wretched to-



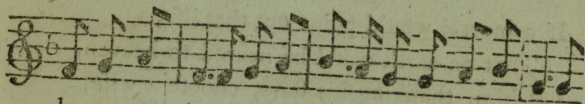
morrow: For sunshine's succeeded by rain,



Then fearful of life's stormy weather, Left plea-



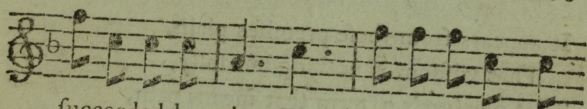
sure should only bring pain : Let us all be un-



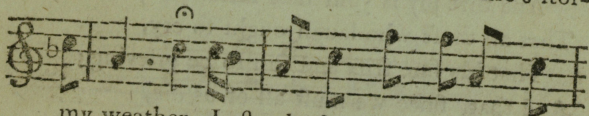
happy together, let us all be unhappy together,



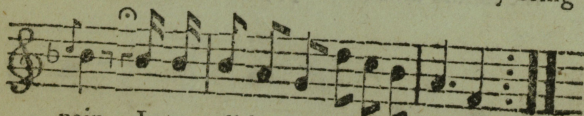
let us all be unhappy together, For sunshine's



succeeded by rain. Then, fearful of life's stor-



my weather, Left pleasure should on-ly bring



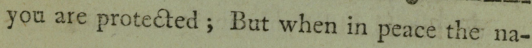
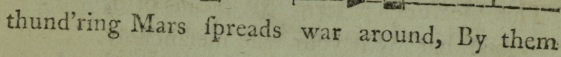
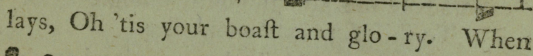
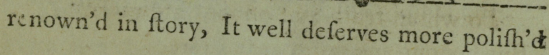
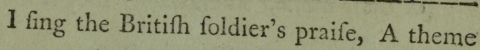
pain, Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend---for true friendship's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair;
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

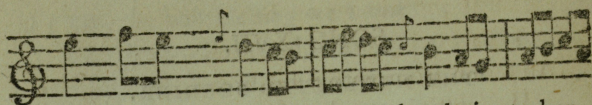
If a mortal would point out that life,
That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given:
But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That with all my respect for the fair,
I'd advise him to fight and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy.
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
And that, since we must all of us die,
We should all be unhappy while living.

IN ANSWER TO THE NEGLECTED TAR.



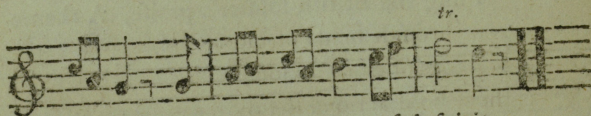
tion's found, Poor souls they are neglected. But



oh! stretch forth your aiding hand, in to-ken



of their merit, Then boldly they'll march o'er



the land, And shew a grateful spirit.

For you the musket first he takes,
 That you may rest in quiet,
 His wife and children he forsakes,
 To shift for cloaths and diet.
 He's fudden call'd, he knows not where,
 Nor knows he shall return
 To those he left in deep despair,
 Whose hearts for him yet burn.
 But oh! stretch forth your bounteous hand,
 In justice to their merit,
 Then cheerful they'll march through the land,
 And shew a grateful spirit.

For you through many a tedious road
 He goes without complaining,
 From scorching heat he seeks abode,
 Sometimes without obtaining:

By thirst and hunger oft he's prest,
 Yet scorns to droop his head,
 Ambition from within his breast
 He substitutes as breast.

Then oh ! stretch forth your friendly hand,
 In justice to his merit,
 How cheerful he'll march through the land,
 And bless your gen'rous spirit !

For you through fields of blood they'll seek
 Your foes of ev'ry nation ;
 'Tis there bold actions loudly speak
 Their worth in ev'ry station.

Firm as a flinty wall they'll stand,
 Observing strict decorum,
 Until their leader gives command
 To beat down all before 'em.

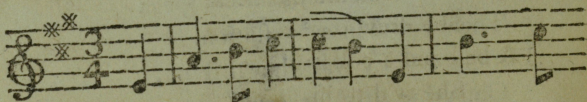
Then oh ! stretch forth th' assisting hand,
 In justice to their merit,
 When they return unto their land,
 They'll bless your noble spirit.

Well, now they've thresh'd the foe, we'll say,
 Did all within their power,
 But little more than blows have they,
 And one farthing an hour.
 Little within the Frenchman's fob.
 To recompense their labours ;
 Why then it proves a sorry job,
 Little better than their neighbours.

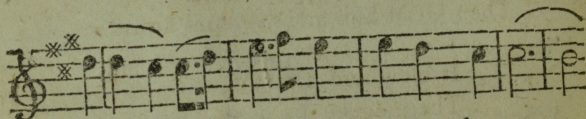
Then oh! stretch forth the lib'ral hand,
 In justice to their merit,
 So shall they bless their happy land,
 The land of godlike spirit.

SONG XVIII.

THE PIDGEON.



Why tarries my love? Ah! where does



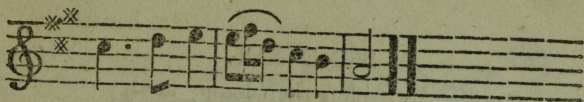
he rove? My love is long absent from me--



Come hither, my dove, I'll write to my love,



And send him a let--ter by thee--- And



send him a let - ter by thee.

To find him swift fly,
The letter I'll tye
Secure to thy leg with a string:
Ah! not to my leg,
Fair lady I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

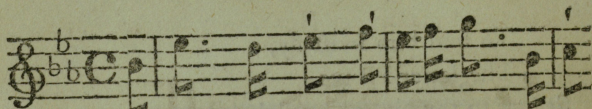
Her dove she did deck,
She drew o'er his neck
A bell and a collar so gay;
She ty'd to his wing
The scroll with a string,
Then kiss'd him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd,
The pidgeon disdain'd
To seek shelter, undaunted he flew;
'Till wet was his wing,
And painful the string,
So heavy the letter it grew.

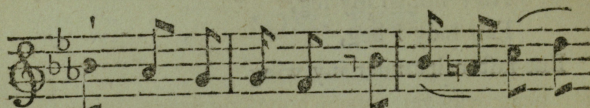
He flew all around,
'Till Colin he found,
Then perch'd on his hand with the prize;
Whose heart while he reads,
With tenderness bleeds
For the pigeon,---that flutters---and dies!

SONG XIX.

LOVE AND TIME.



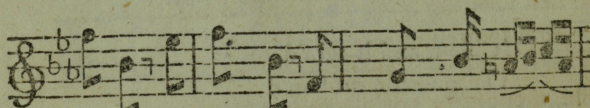
John met with Peg the other day, As she



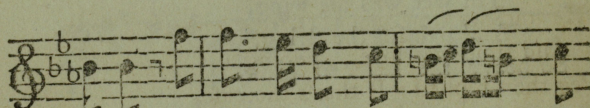
to church was walking; And as he had a



deal to say, He straight began a - talking, a -



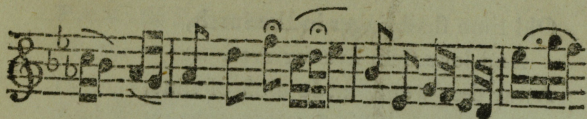
talking, a -- talking, He straight be - gan a -



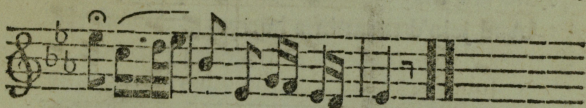
talking. He ask'd her if her heart was free,



Or if she him ap - prov'd - - And all the



while could plainly see Her snowy bosom mov'd,



--- Her snowy bo - som mov'd.

His heart was yet 'tween hope and fear,
And strove his thoughts to smother;
Unless those heavings of his dear
Perchance were for some other.

A while she blush'd, and now she smil'd,
Cry'd, pr'ythee be not simple;
When love the more his heart beguil'd,
And sported in each dimple.

She thought he talk'd too soon of love---

'Twas time enough for wooing:

He told her time would swiftly move,

And time was love's undoing.

Peg then replied: If that's the case,

'Tis time that we were moving;

And said, with sadness in her face,

He sure won't kill for loving.

Why then, cried John, let's haste to church,

And all our fears deliver;

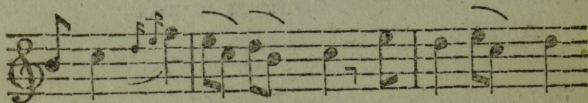
Old time shall linger in the lurch,
 And love shall live for ever.
 Away they went, made most of time,
 In spite of all his flutry;
 Love saw they both were in their prime,
 And join'd them in a hurry.

SONG XX.

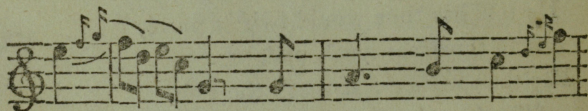
THY FATAL SHAFTS UNERRING MOVE.



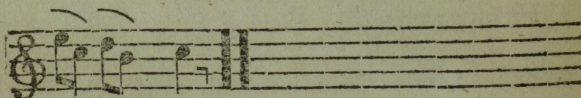
Thy fatal shafts un-err-ing move, I bow



before thine al-tar, Love: I feel the soft



re-fittlefs flame Glide swift through all my



vi-tal frame.

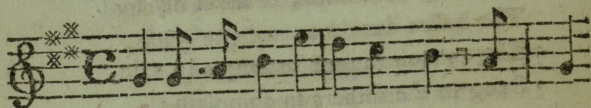
For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows ;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing numbers to complain ;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop this silent tear ;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

SONG XX.

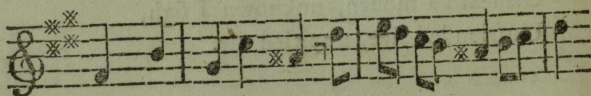
DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.



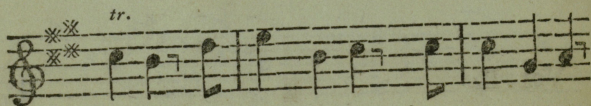
Dear is my little native vale, The ring-



dove builds and warbles there, Close by my



cote she tells her tale To every passing vil-



la - ger : The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,



And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves, and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of frag'rance round,
 I charm the fairy footed hours,
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound.

Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherds horn, at break of day,
The ballet danc'd at twilight glade,
The canzonet, and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

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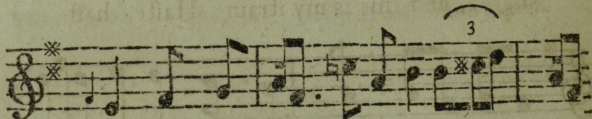
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SONG XXI.

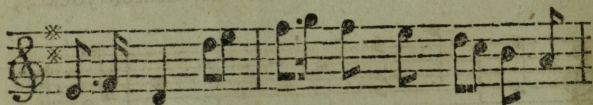
JOCKEY.



My lad-die is gang'd far a -- way o'er the



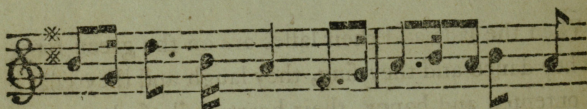
plain, Where in for-row behind I'm forc'd



to remain: Tho' blue-bells and vi'—lets the



hedges adorn; Tho' trees are in blossom, and



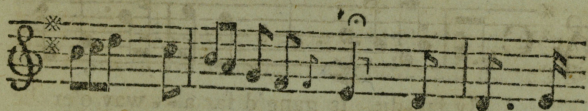
sweet blows the thorn, No pleasure they give



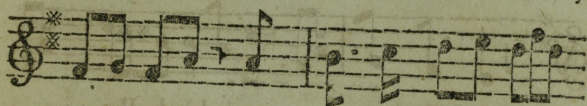
me, in vain they look gay, There's nothing can



please now, my Jockey's away, Forlorn I fit



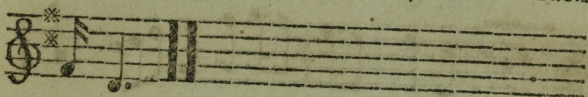
singing, and this is my strain : Haste, haste my



dearest Jockey, haste, haste my dearest Jockey,



Haste, haste, my dearest Jockey, to me back



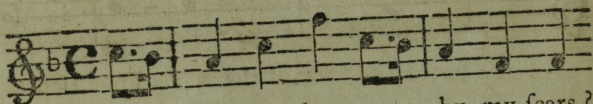
a - - gain.

When the lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat ;
 Contented and happy, their hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see :
 Those pastimes offend me, my Shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair;
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For Love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.
 Then farewell, each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I:
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SONG XXII.

SOLDIER DICK.



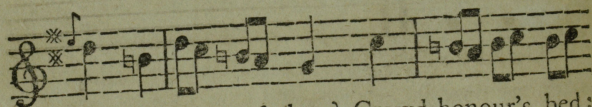
Why, don't you know me by my scars?



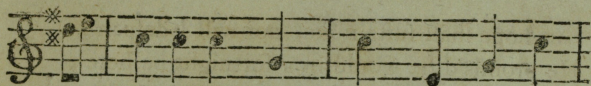
I'm sol-dier Dick come from the wars, Where



many a head with - out a hat Crowd honour's



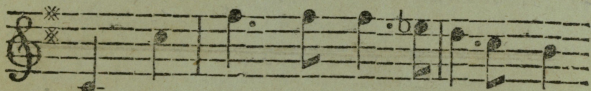
bed: but what of that? Crowd honour's bed:



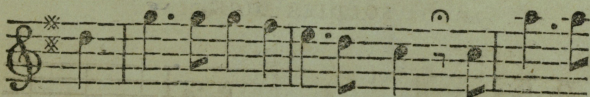
but what of that? Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis



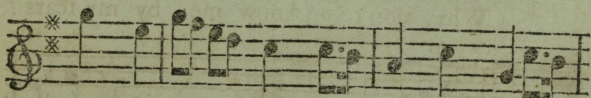
glo - ry calls, What ar - gues who stands or



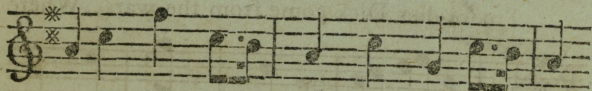
falls! Lord! what should one be for-ry for?



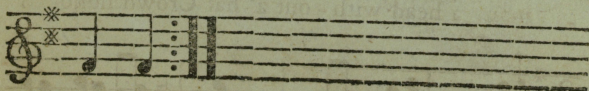
Life's but the fortune of the war: Then rich or



poor, or well or sick, Still laugh and sing shall



foldier Dick, Still laugh and sing shall fol-



dier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once,
A bullet-hit me on the sconce,
And doush'd my eye---d'ye think I'd wince ?
Why, Lord ! I've never squinted since.

Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms ;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.

Beat drums, &c.

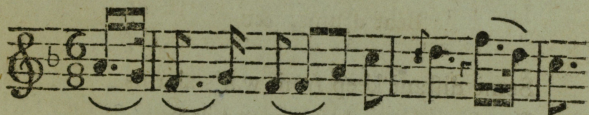
Thus gout or fever, sword or shot,
Or something sends us all to pot :
That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.

Beat drums, &c.

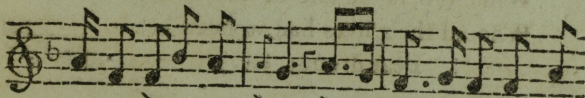
Handwritten musical notation on the right margin, including staves and lyrics such as "He", "o' m", and "o' r".

SONG XXIII.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.



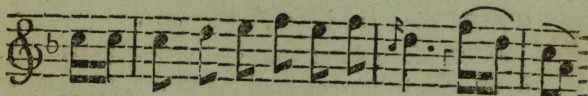
I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane, He lo'ed



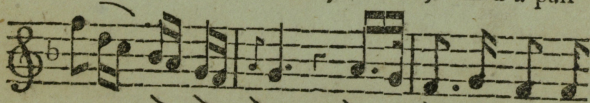
ne'er a lassie but me; He is willing to mak' me



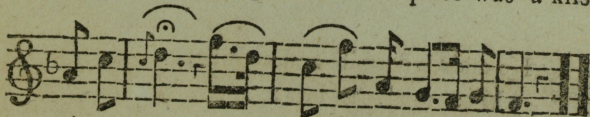
his ain, And his ain I am willing to be.



He has coft me a rocklay o' blue, And a pair



o' mit-tins o' green: The price was a kifs



o' my mou' And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordly degree
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me :
 His words mair than fugar are sweet,
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa' ;
 I listen, poor fool ! and I greet,
 Yet, oh ! how sweet are the tears as they fa' !

" Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
 " Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say ;
 " Tho' we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
 " What's gowd to a heart that is wae ?
 " Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 " Yet fee ! how he's dwining wi' care ;
 " Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
 " Are cantie and leil evermair.

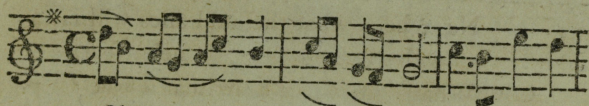
" O Menie ! the heart that is true,
 " Has something mair costly than gear,
 " Ilk e'en it has has naithing to rue,
 " Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.
 " Ye wardlings ! gae hoard up your store,
 " And tremble for fear ought ye tyne :
 " Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 " While thus in my arms I lock mine."

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,
 Wae me ! can I take it amiss,

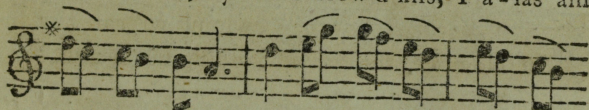
When a lad, fae unpractis'd in guile,
 Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kifs!
 Ye lassies, wha lo'e to torment
 Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks,---for I've gi'en my consent,
 And this night I'll take Jamie for life.

SONG XXIV.

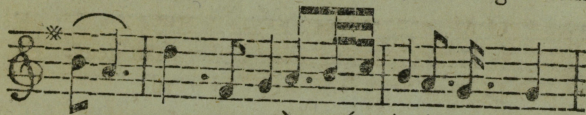
CHLOE, BY THAT BORROWED KISS.



Chlo - e, by that borrow'd kifs, I a - las am



quite undone! 'Twas so sweet, so fraught with



blifs, Thousands will not pay that one!



Thou - - fands will not pay that one!

Lest the debt should break your heart,

(Roguish Chloe, smiling, cries)

Come, a thousand, then, in part,

For the present shall suffice.

SONG XXV.

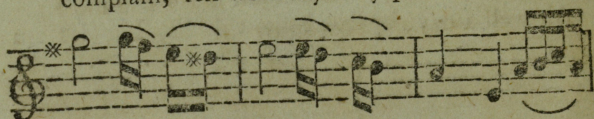
AH WELLADAY! MY POOR HEART!



To the winds, to the waves, to the woods I



complain, Ah welladay! my poor heart! They



hear not my sighs, and they heed not my



pain: Ah wel-la-day! my poor heart! Ah



welladay! my poor heart!

The name of my goddeſs I grave on each tree,

Ah well-a-day my poor heart!

'Tis I wound the bark, but Love's arrows wound me;

Ah well-a-day my poor heart!

The heavens I view, and their azure-bright skies ;

Ah well-a-day my poor heart !

My heaven exists in her still brighter eyes ;

Ah well-a-day my poor heart !

To the Sun's morning splendor the poor Indinn bows ;

Ah well a-day my poor heart !

But I dare not worship where I pay my vows ;

Ah well-a-day my poor heart !

His God each morn rises, and he can adore ;

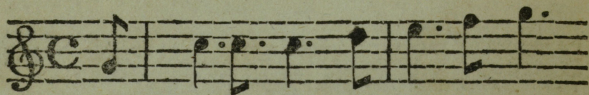
Ah well-a-day my poor heart !

But my goddess to me must soon never rise more ;

Ah well-a-day my poor heart !

SONG XXVI.

THE SOV'REIGN OF THE SEAS.



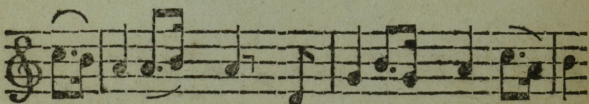
Thus, thus my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,



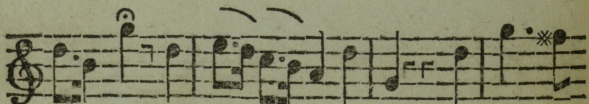
The glorious British flag's display'd, Unfurl'd the



fswelling sail: Sound, found, found your shells,



ye Tritons, found, Let ev' - ry heart with joy



rebound, We scud before the gale; Let e - v'ry



heart with joy rebound, We scud be - fore the

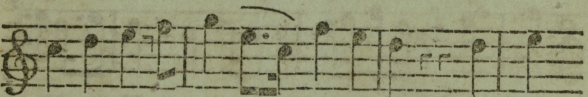
pos
Brit
a
seas,
reign
A sail a h
Our canva
In vain
Vol. I



gale. For Neptune quits his wa - try car, De-



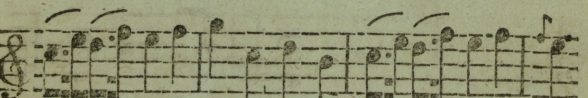
pos'd by Jove's de - cree, Who hails a free-born



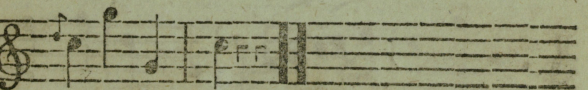
British tar the Sov'reign of the seas : Who hails



a true-born British tar the sov'reign of the



seas, The sov'reign of the seas --- The sov'-



reign of the seas.

A fail a head, our decks we clear,
Our canvas crowd, the chace we near,
In vain the Frenchman flies :

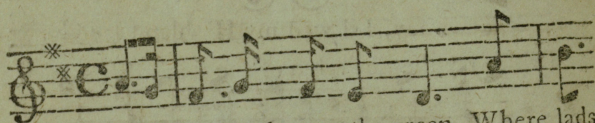
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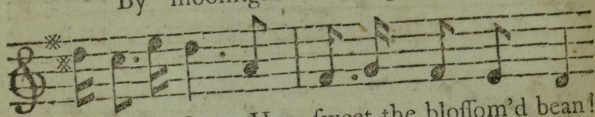
A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
 Our Captain roars, my hearts of Oak,
 Now draw and board your Prize.
 For Neptune, &c.

SONG XXVII.

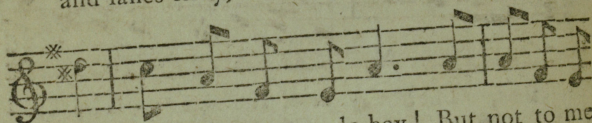
THE TARTAN PLAIDIE.



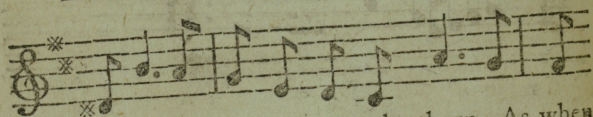
By moonlight on the green, Where lads



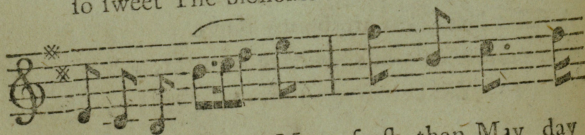
and lassies stray, How sweet the blossom'd bean!



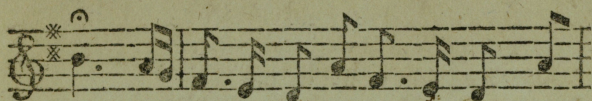
How sweet the new made hay! But not to me



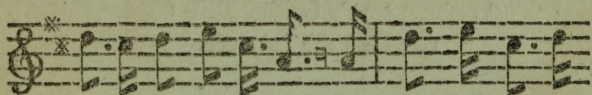
so sweet The blossoms on the thorn, As when



my lad I meet, More fresh than May day



morn : Give me the lad so blithe and gay, Give



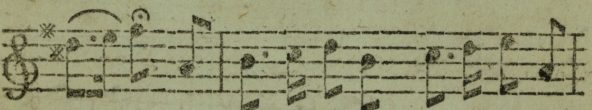
me the Tartan plaidie ; For, spite of all the



wife can fay, I'll wed my Highland laddie : My



bonny Highland laddie, My bonny Highland



lad - die, My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,



bonny Highland lad - die.

His skin is white as snow,

His e'en are bonny blue,

Like rose-bud sweet his mou'

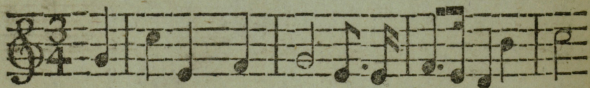
When wet wi' morning dew.

Young Will is rich and great,
 And fain wou'd ca' me his;
 But what is pride or state,
 Without love's smiling Blifs?
 Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd fae blithe and gay,
 His flame I did approve,
 And cou'd na fay him nay.
 Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth;
 Reward a love fae chaste,
 And wed the constant Youth.
 Give me the lad, &c

SONG XXVIII.

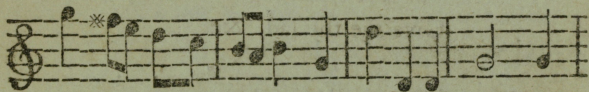
NEW ANACREONTIC SONG.



A Grecian choice spirit, and po-et by trade. A-



nacreon, they say, was a jol - - ly old blade, A



Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade. To



Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays; For



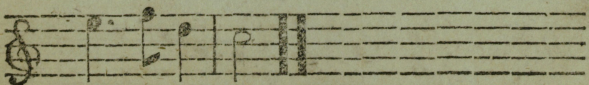
Love and a bumper he fung all his days: To



Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays, For



love and a bumper, For love and a bumper he



fung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the vine,
And tho' he was human was look'd on divine,
At the feast of good humour he always was there,
And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull care,

Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of Jove,
'Tis our comfort below and their nectar above ;
Then while round the table the bumper we pass,
Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling lass.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme must inspire,
Or else all his humming and strumming is vain,
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd how transporting the bliss,
While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each
kiss ;

With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine,
For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine,

As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love pass the moments away ;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the span,
For that's the best method, deny it who can,

SONG XXIX.

HEDSOR DALE.



Each fluent bard, replete with wit, In



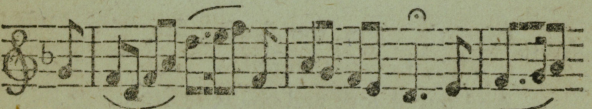
e -- qual numbers shines, And smoothly flows



some fan - cied name To grace his po - lish'd



lines : He calls the Mu - - ses to his aid,



In verse he tells his am'rous tale. Be thou



my muse, thou much lov'd maid, The fair - est



flow'r of Hed --- for dale, Of Hed - for dale,



Of Hed -- for dale, Of Hed -- for dale. Be



thou my muse, thou much lov'd maid, The



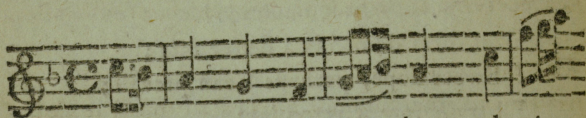
fair -- est flow'r of Hedfor dale.

I feel the warm, the pleasing fire
 Within my bosom roll,
 And purest love and chaste desire
 Steal softly on my soul:
 In vain I wou'd the flame conceal,
 And hide those cares my heart assail;
 My talk and looks and sighs prevail,
 I love the flow'r of Hedfor Dale!

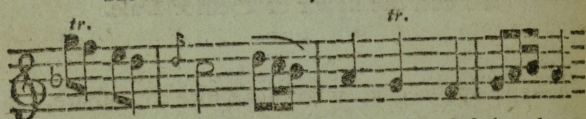
What pity—that a nymph so fair,
With winning shape and face,
Should be devoted to some clown,
Or rustic's rude embrace !
That form demands a better fate ;
Sweet hope, perhaps I can prevail ;
I'll try before it is too late,
To cull the flow'r of Hedfor Dale.

SONG XXX.

HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN.



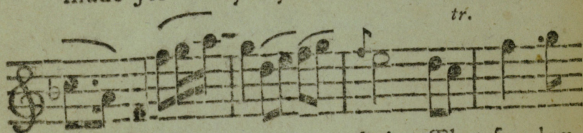
How blest has my time been, what joys



have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage



made Je - - - fy my own: So joyful my



heart is, so ea - fy my chain, That freedom



is tasteless, and rov - - ing a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jeffy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green :
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour blooms all the year thro' :
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life you must find it at home.

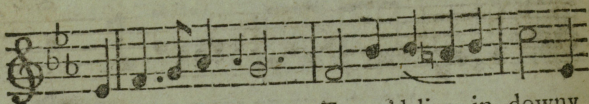
SONG XXXI.

THE WOLF.

Siciliano.



At the peaceful midnight hour, Every sense



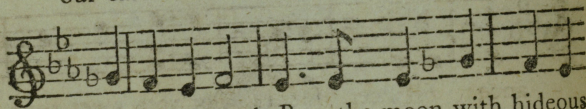
and e-ve-ry power, Fetter'd lies in downy



sleep: Then our careful watch we keep, Then



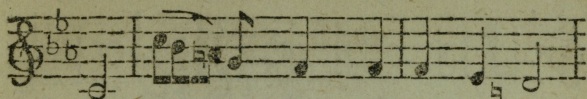
our careful watch we keep. While the wolf



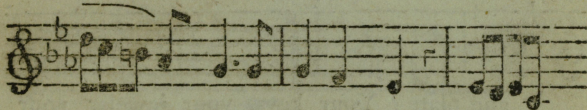
in nightly prow, Bays the moon with hideous



howl, ----- While the wolf, in nightly



prowl, Bays the moon with hideous howl:



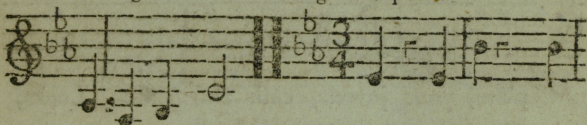
While the wolf in nightly prow, Bays -----



----- the moon

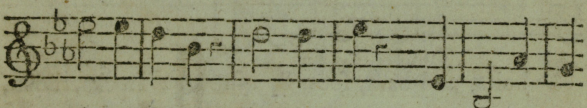
Adagio.

Allegro con spirito.

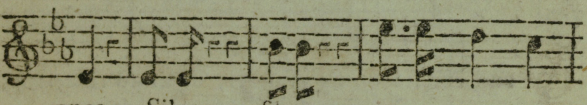


with hideous howl.

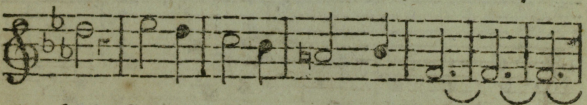
Gates are barr'd, a



vain resistance; Females shriek, but no assist-



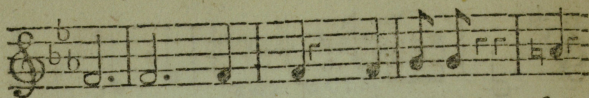
ance: Silence, silence, or you meet your



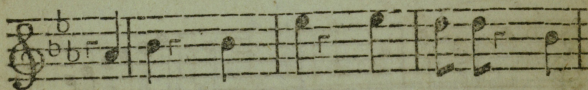
fate; Silence, or you meet your fate -----

VOL. II.

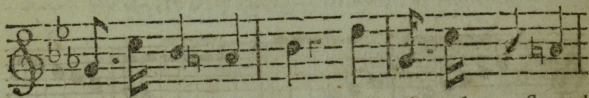
G



----- Your keys, your jewels, cash



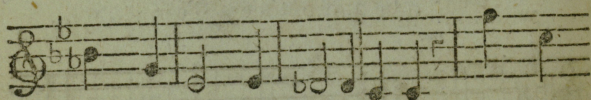
and plate ! Your keys, your jewels, your



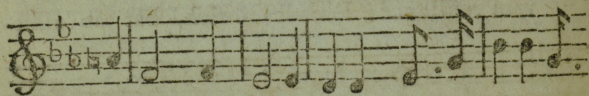
jewels, cash and plate, your jewels, cash and



plate, your jewels, cash and plate. Locks,



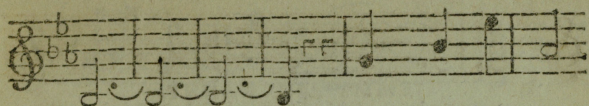
bolts, and bars, soon fly afunder : Locks, bolts,



and bars, soon fly afunder, Then to rifle, rob,



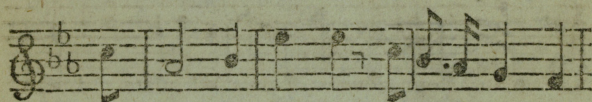
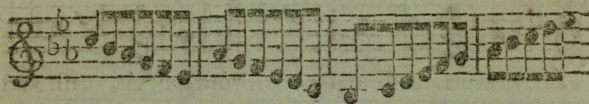
and plunder : Then to rifle, rob, and plunder



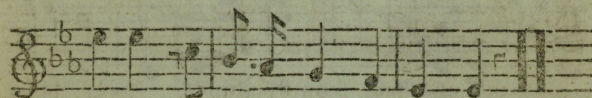
Locke, bolts, and bars,



soon fly afunder, Then to ri-----



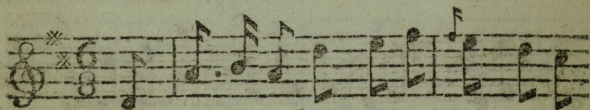
--fle, rob, and plunder, To rifle, rob, and



plunder, To rifle, rob, and plunder.

SONG XXXII.

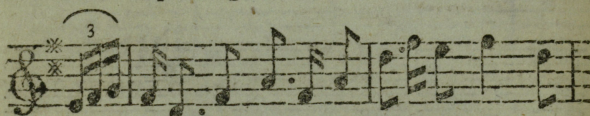
JEMMY AND NANNY.



When innocent pastime our pleasure did



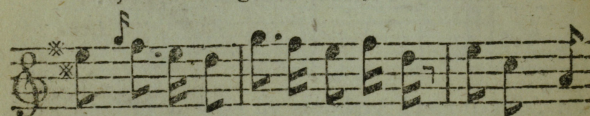
crown, Upon a green meadow, or under a tree ;



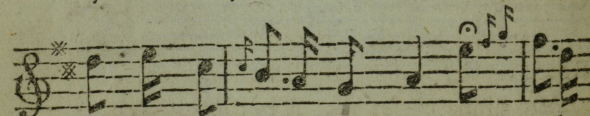
E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town, How



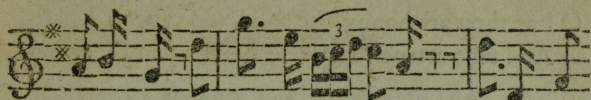
lovely and loving and bonny was she ! Rouze up



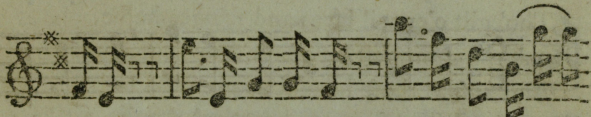
thy reason, my beautiful Nanny, Let no new



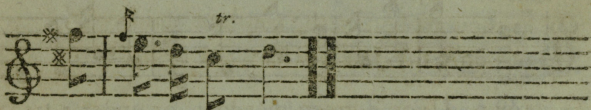
whim take thy fan - cy from me : Oh ! as thou



art bonny, be faithful as o-ny, Favour thy



Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy



who doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?

Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?

Can lap-dogs, or monkies, draw tears from these een?

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me!

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:

O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,

And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new mantua, or Flanders-lace head,

Or yet a wee cotty, tho' never sae fine,

Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,

That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And dinna prefer your fleegaries to me:

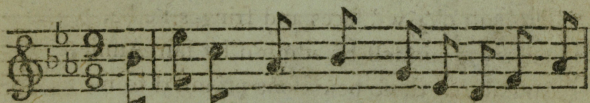
O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris-edition of new-fangled Sawny,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adorning himself be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at those bennifons promi'd to me :
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me :
O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
That slade awa' fastly between thee and me,
'Ere squirrels, or beaux, or fopp'ry had pow'r,
To rival my love, or impose upon thee.
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me :
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

SONG XXXIV.

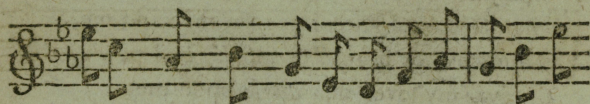
THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.



I fail'd from the Downs in the Nancy, my



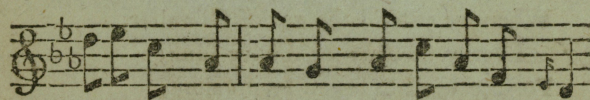
jibb how she smack'd thro' the breeze ! She's a



vessel quite rigg'd to my fancy, As e'er fail'd



on the salt seas : Then adieu to the white cliffs



of Britain, Our girls, and our dear native shore,



For if some hard rock we should split on, We



ne'er should see them a - ny more. But fail-



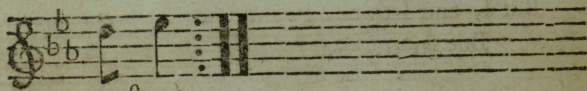
ors are boon for all weathers, Great guns, let



it blow high, blow low ! Our duty keeps us



to our tethers, And where the gale drives we



must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk,
 For the wind so began for to alter ;
 She yaul'd just as tho' she was drunk.
 The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,
 Helm-a-weather the hoarse botswain cries ;
 Set the forefail a-thwart sea she quivers,
 As through the rough tempest she flies.
 But sailors, &c

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black then as pitch was the sky ;
 But then what a dreadful disaster,
 Befel three poor seamen and I.
 Ben Buntlen, Sam Shroud and Dick Handsail,
 By a gale that came furious and hard ;
 And as we were furling the mainsail,
 We were every soul swept from the yard.
 But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick cried piecavi,
 When I at the risk of my neck,
 While in peace they sunk down to old Davy,
 Caught a rope and so landed on deck.
 Well, what would you have, we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred, that sail'd, never landed,
 But I, and I think, twenty two.
 But sailors, &c.

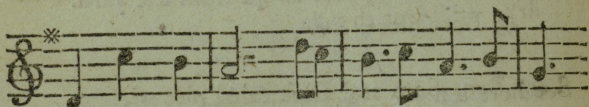
At last then at sea having miscarried,
 Another guess way set the wind ;
 To England I came and got married,
 To a lass that was comely and kind.
 But whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we were born ;
 Perhaps we may find a kind station,
 Perhaps we may touch at Cape Horn.
 But sailors, &c.

SONG XXXV.

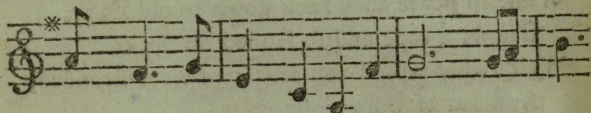
OUR TRADE TO WORK IN CLAY BEGAN.



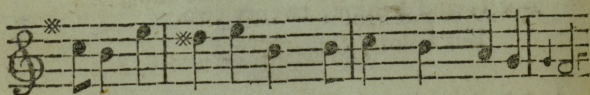
Our trade to work in clay began, Ere the



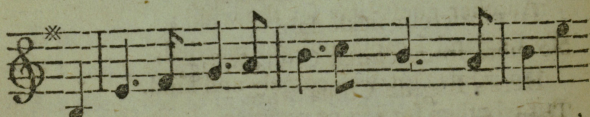
first man was made; For out of clay was made



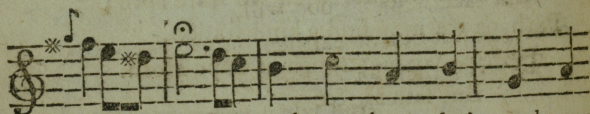
this man, And thus began our trade. Since man



is but an earthen jug, The jug then let us fill;



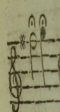
For this to empty t'other mug good liquor's



welcome still. In earth, my boys, let's work our



way, A



dry,

See here

But fill

So large,

May like

The Cove

In this

For Ash

Pro b

And wh

To ple

No more

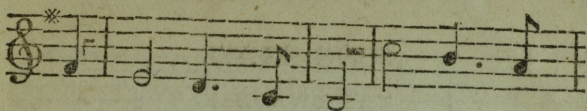
Here's

Then, f

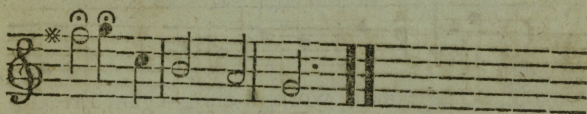
And

Since n

This



way, And when we're dry, and when we're



dry, we'll wet the clay.

See here a noble christ'ning bowl,

But fill it to the brim ;

So large, the baby (pretty foul)

May like young Indians swim :

The Covent Garden swell at jupps,

In this may take his go,

For Ashley's punch house here are cups,

Pro bono publico.

And when we're dry, &c.

And why abroad our money fling,

To please our fickle fair,

No more from China, China bring,

Here's English China ware.

Then, friends, put round the foaming mug,

And take it with good will,

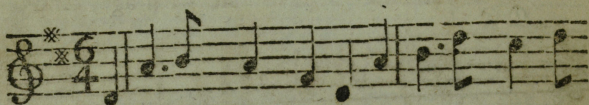
Since man is but an earthen jug,

This jug then let us fill.

And when we're dry, &c.

SONG XXXVI.

THE TWADDLE.



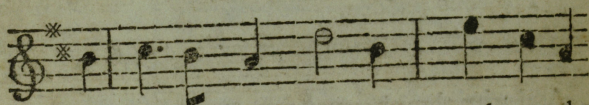
On sturdy stout Dobbin I mounted my sad-



dle, And canter'd to town, where they call'd



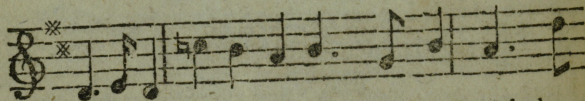
me the Twaddle; 'Till I met with a friend by



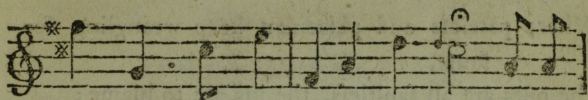
mere dint of good luck, Who taught me the



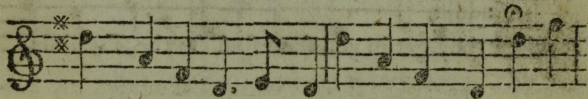
Tippee, And now I'm a buck! To swallow six



bottles I now dare engage, Then to knock down



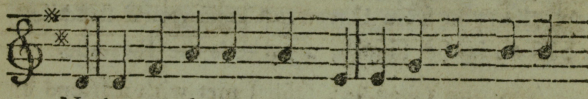
those watchmen bent double with age, And if



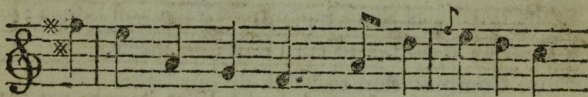
spent with fatigue to St James's I waddle, To



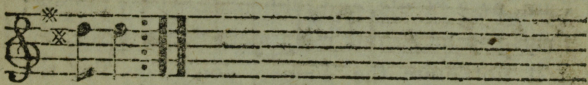
shew the beau monde I'm no longer the twaddle,



No longer the twaddle, No longer the twaddle,



To shew the beau monde I'm no longer the



twaddle.

Having now learnt to read why I take in the papers,
And draining a bumper to banish the vapours,
I scan the fresh quarrels 'twixt new-married spouses,
To match the debates in both Parliament houses:

Where patriots and placemen keep wrangling for
fame,

The outs are all faultless, the ins are to blame;
Tho' the outs are the Tippee, their brains are all
addle,

Yet when they get in you soon find'em the Twaddle.

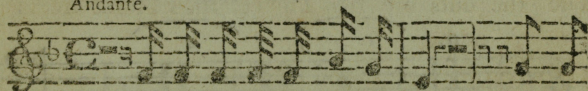
When Briton's base foes dare presume to unite,
Old Elliot's the Tippee, because he dare fight.
And to poets, who live on the floor next the sky,
Roast beef is a Tippee they seldom come nigh.
The lawyer and doctor both strictly agree
That all is the Twaddle—except 'tis their fee.
And when you from Dover to Calais would straddle,
A balloon is the Tippee, a packet's the Twaddle.

Dick Twisting is now quite the Twaddle for tea,
Tho' he once was the Tippee for Green and Bohea;
But then we'd no tax to turn day into night,
No dire Commutation to block up our light.
“Least said's soonest mended,” I hope I'm not wrong,
If I am, pray excuse, and I'll hence hold my tongue:
Perhaps you may think me a mere fiddle faddle,
Yet if not quite the Tippee, don't say I'm the
Twaddle.

SONG XXXVII.

THE MANSION OF PEACE.

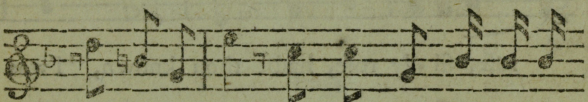
Andante.



Soft zephyr, on thy balmy wing, Thy gen-

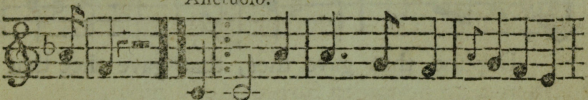


tlest breezes hither bring; Her slumbers guard



some hand divine, Ah! watch her with a care

Affettuoso.



like mine. A rose! a rose! from her bosom has

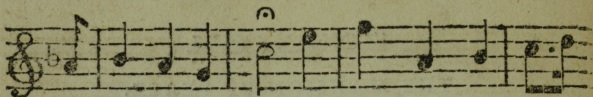


stray'd; I'll seek to replace it, To replace it with



art. A. Art. But no, no, no, 'Twill

H 2



her slumbers invade, I'll wear it, fond youth!



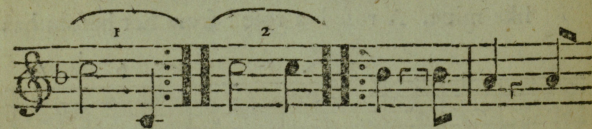
next my heart. But. heart. A-las! fil-ly



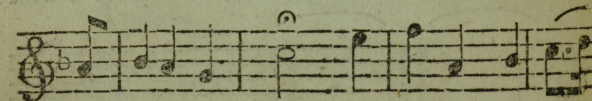
rose, fil-ly rose, hadst thou known, 'Twas



Daphne that gave thee, that gave thee that



place. A place. Thou ne'er, no ne'er from



thy station hadst flown, Her bosom's the man-



tion of peace. Thou peace.

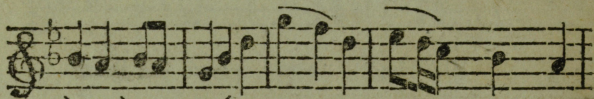
H 3

SONG XXXVIII.

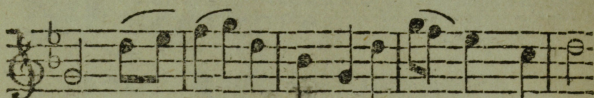
QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.



O! thou lov'd country, where my youth was



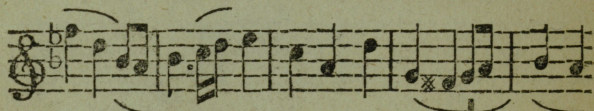
spent, Dear golden days, All past in sweet con-



tent, Where the fair morning of my clouded day



Shone mildly bright, and temperately gay. Dear



France, adieu, a long and sad farewell! No thought



can image, and no tongue can tell, The pangs



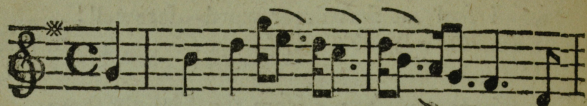
I feel at that drear word—farewell!

The ship that wafts me from thy friendly shore,
 Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
 My soul is thine, that spark of heav'nly flame,
 That better portion of my mingled frame,
 Is wholly thine, that part I give to thee,
 That in the temple of thy memory,
 The other ever may enshrined be.

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SONG XXXIX.

ONCE MORE I'LL TUNE.



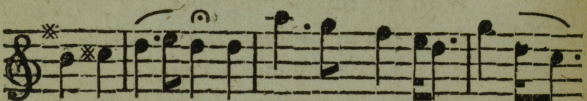
Once more I'll tune the vo - cal shell, To



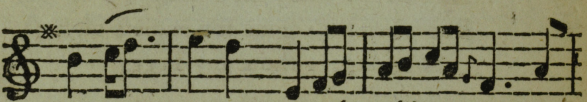
hills and dales my pas - sion tell, A flame which



time can ne - - - ver quell, That burns for



lovely Peggy. Ye greater bards the lyre should



hit, For say what subject is more fit, Than



to re - cord the spark - ling wit, and bloom of



love - ly Peg - gy ?

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy,
And when in Thetis lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous, as undress'd.
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight,
But when she's gone it's endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

The zephyr's air the violet blows,
Or breathe upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,

And trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May,
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,

So long will I love Peggy.

And when Death with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My word shall be when I depart,

Adieu ! my lovely Peggy.



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SONG XL.

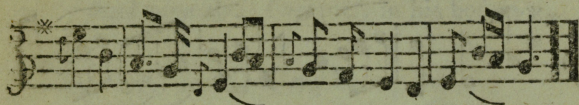
OSCAR'S GHOST.



O see that form that faintly gleams ! 'Tis



Oscar come to cheer my dreams : On wings of

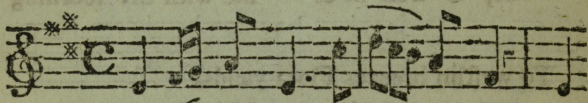


wind he flies away, O stay, my lovely Oscar, stay !

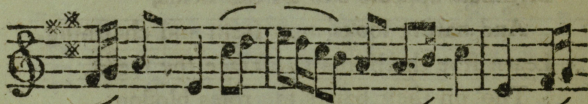
Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line,
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine.
 Awake the Harp to doleful lays,
 And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.
 The Shell is ceas'd in Oscar's Hall,
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought the fall :
 The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,
 Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

SONG XII.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE.



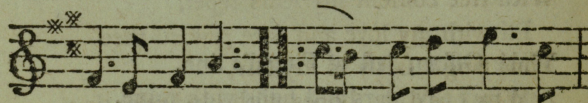
Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-ny bride, Busk



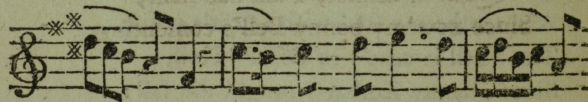
ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow, Busk ye,



busk ye, my bonny bride, And let us to the



braes of Yarrow. There will we sport and



gather dew, Dancing while lav'rocks sing in



the morning. There learn frae turtles to prove



true, O Bell ne'er vex me with thy scorning!

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee.
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
 O! Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

SONG XLII.

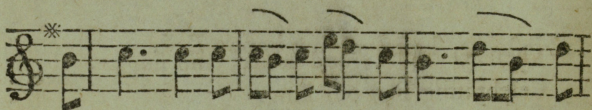
THE FAIRY.

A MIDNIGHT MADRIGAL.

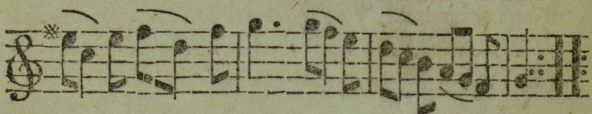
Fairest of the virgin train, That trip it o'er



the ma - gic plain : Come and dance and sing



with me, Under yonder aged tree : Come, and



dance and sing with me, under yonder aged tree.

There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountain, rock, of hill and dale,
Which will make you laugh with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

See the moon all silver bright,
 Shining with a tenfold light,
 To try to see my Queen with me,
 Thro' the boughs of yonder tree.

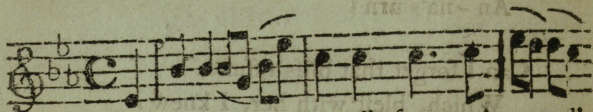
Who is that which I espy,
 Just descended from thy sky?
 E'en faith 'tis Cupid, come to see
 My fair beneath yon aged tree.

A little rogue! but he shall smart—
 I'll take away his bow and dart,
 And give them, 'fore his face, to thee,
 Under yonder aged tree.

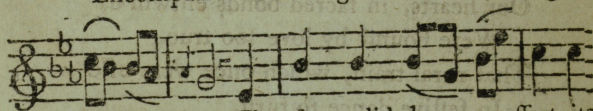
Then we'll play, and dance, and sing,
 Celebrating Pan our king,
 And I'll always live with thee,
 Under yonder aged tree

SONG XLIII.

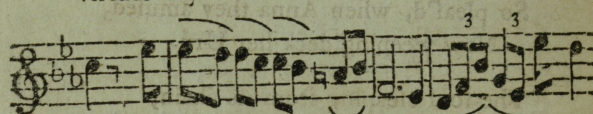
ANNA'S URN.



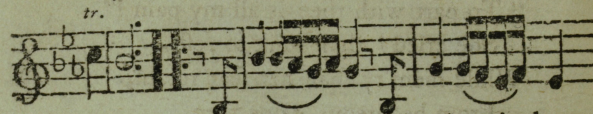
Encompas'd in an angel's frame, An angel's



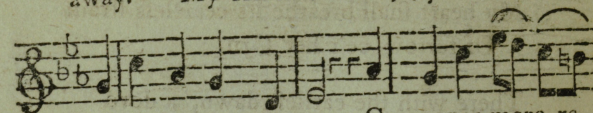
virtues lay: Too soon did heaven assert its



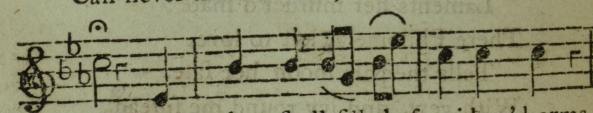
claim, And call'd its own away, and call'd its own



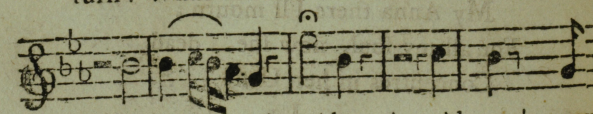
away. My An-na's worth, my Anna's charms



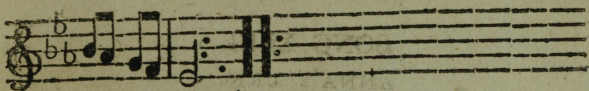
Can never more return, Can never more re-



turn! What then shall fill these widow'd arms?



Ah ----- me! Ah me! Ah me! my



An - na's urn !

Can I forget that blifs refin'd,
Which, blest with her, I knew ?
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwin'd,
Were bound by love too true.
That rural train, which once were us'd
In festive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping deck her Urn.

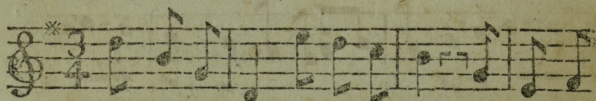
The soul escaping from its chain,
She clasp'd me to her breast,
"To part with thee is all my pain !"
She cried ! then sunk to rest !
While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
Of sorrow o'er her Urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate :
There Philomela, lost to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew, and ivy round me spread,
My Anna there I'll mourn ;
For all my soul, now she is dead,
Concentres in her Urn.

SONG XLIV.

BLUE-EYED PATTY :

OR,

THE ORIGIN OF THE PATTEN.

Sweet ditties would my Patty sing, Old Chevy



Chace, God save the king, Fair Rosemy and Sawny



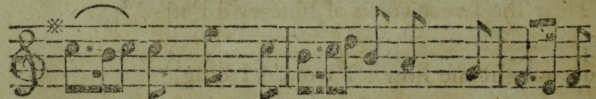
Scot, Lil-li-bul-le-ro, and what not : All these



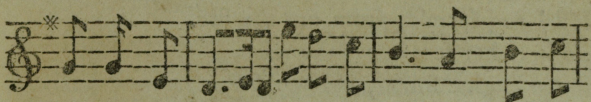
would sing my blue-ey'd Pat - ty, As with her pail



she trudg'd along : While still the burden of her



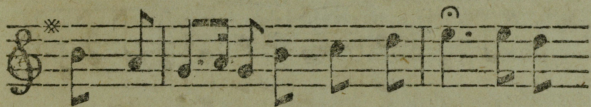
song, My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty,



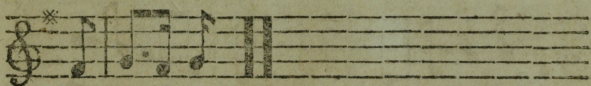
While still the bur - den of her song, My hammer



beat to blue-ey'd Patty, My hammer beat to



blue-ey'd Pat - ty, My hammer beat to blue-



ey'd Pat - - ty.

But nipping frosts and chilling rain,
Too soon alas ! choak'd every strain,
Too soon alas ! the miry way
Her wet shod feet did fore dismay ;

And hoarse was heard my blue ey'd Patty :
While I for very mad did cry,
Ah ! cou'd I but again, said I,

Hear the sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty.

Love taught me how : I work'd I fung,
My anvil glow'd, my hammer rung,

Till I had form'd, from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
 Again was heard each tuneful close,
 My fair one on the *Patten* rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-ey'd *Patty*.

SONG XLV.

FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

Andantino.



Must peace and pleasure's melting strain For



e --- ver in this circle reign? A while the

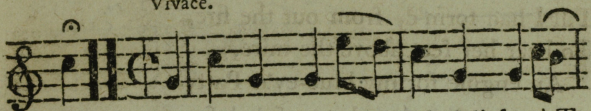


muse with ardour glows, To pay the debt that

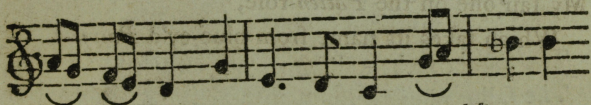


Britain owes, To pay the debt that Bri - tain.

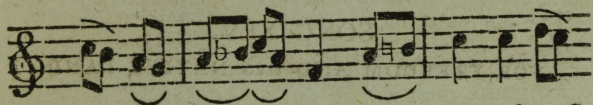
Vivace.



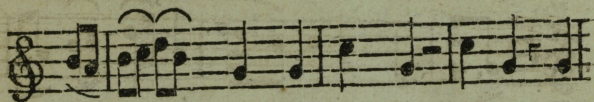
owes. O wave a while your soft delights! To



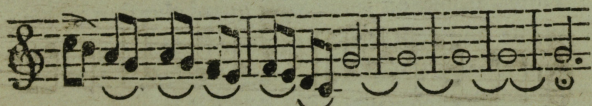
praise each valiant son that fights, And braves a-



broad each hos-tile band, And braves abroad



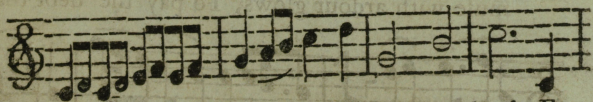
each hostile band, For freedom, freedom, For



freedom and his native land -----



For free -----



----- dom and his native land, For



freedom, freedom, freedom, and his native land.

The foldier seeks a distant plain,
 The sailer ploughs the boist'rous main:
 Their toil domestic ease secures,
 The labour theirs, the pleasure yours:
 Then change a while your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets,
 Enjoy within your gay retreats,
 Think, think, on those who guard the shore,
 While unmolested springs your store:
 And change a while your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

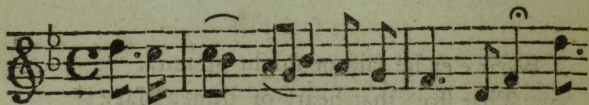
Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,
 And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
 Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
 But in the arms of peace rejoice:
 Change, change a while your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,

And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

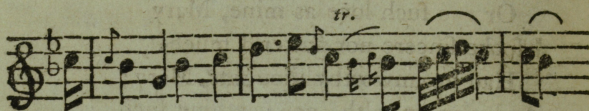
And ye, who in this frolic train,
Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
And wild with pleasure's airy round,
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd :
Amid your social dear delights,
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

SONG XLVI.

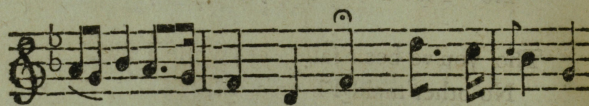
THOU ART GONE AWAY FROM ME, MARY.



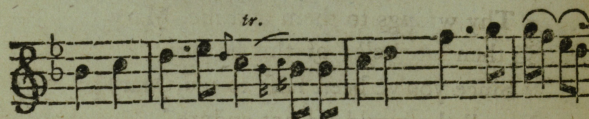
Thou art gone away, thou art gone away, thou



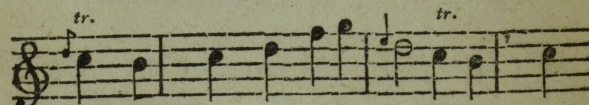
art gone away from me, Ma-ry; Nor friends



nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheated



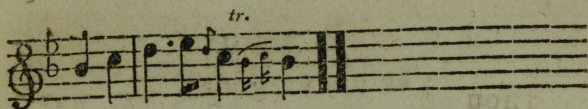
them and me, Ma-ry. Until this hour I ne-ver



thought that ought could alter thee, Mary: Thour't



still the mistress of my heart, Think what you



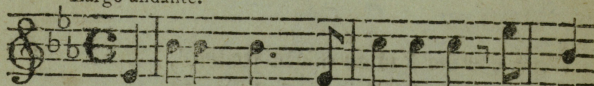
will of me Ma -- ry.

What e'er he said or might pretend,
 That stole that heart of thine, Mary;
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,
 Or nae such love as mine, Mary.
 I spoke sincere nor flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
 No—I lov'd only thee, Mary.

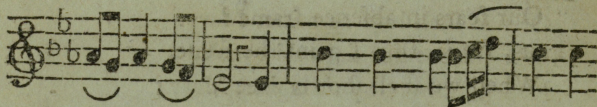
Tho' you've been false, yet while I live,
 No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
 Till friends forget, and I forgive
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 So then farewell: of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;
 For all the world I'd not endure,
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

SONG XLVII.

THE HEAVY HOURS.

Largo andante.

The heavy hours are almost past That part



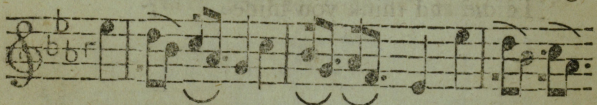
my love and me ; My longing eyes may hope at



last their only wish to see. But how, my De-



lia, will you meet The man you've lost so long ?



Will love in all your pulses beat, And tremble



on your tongue ? Will love in all your pulses



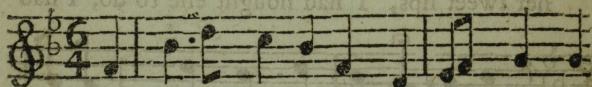
beat, And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same ?
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame ?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet ;
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat !

But if the dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love :
 All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

SONG XLVIII.

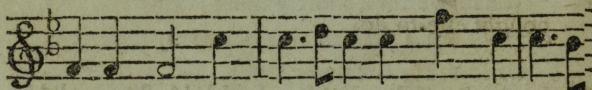
THE SUMMER WAS OVER.



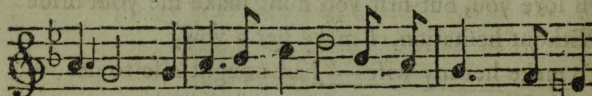
The summer was o-ver, my flocks were all



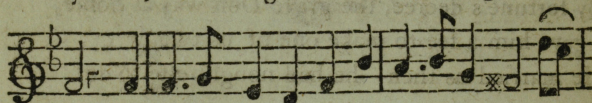
thorn, My meadows were mow'd, And I'd hous'd



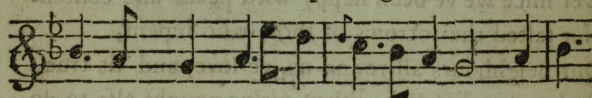
all my corn, Fair Phillida's cottage was just in



my view, A-wooing I went I had nought else to



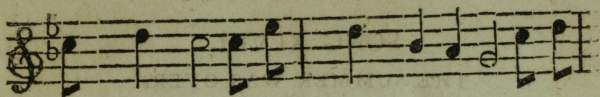
do. On Flora's soft sofa together we sat, And



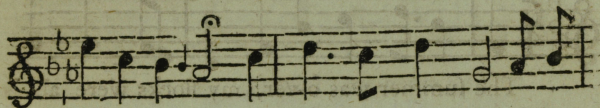
spent some long hours in amorous chat. I told



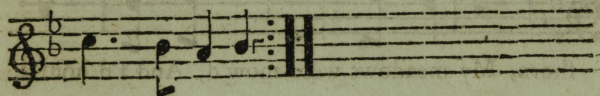
her I lov'd, and I hop'd she lov'd too, Then kiss'd



her sweet lips, I had nought else to do, I had



nought else to do, Then kifs'd her sweet lips, I had



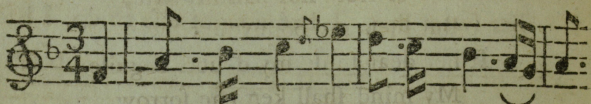
nought else to do.

She hung down her head and with blushes reply'd,
I'll love you, but first you must make me your bride.
Without hesitation, I make her a vow,
To make her my wife—I had nought else to do.
To the village in quest of a priest did we roam,
By fortune's decree, the grave Don was at home,
I gave him a fee to make one of us two,
He married us then—he had nought else to do.

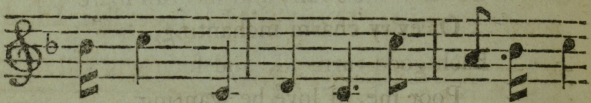
E'er since we've been happy with peace and content,
Nor tasted the sorrows of those who repent,
Our neighbours all round us we love, and 'tis true,
Each other beside!—when we've nought else to do,
With Phœbus the toil of the day we begin,
I shepherd my flock, while she sits down to spin,
Our cares thus domestic we'll arduous pursue,
And ever will love—when we've nought else to do.

SONG XLIX.

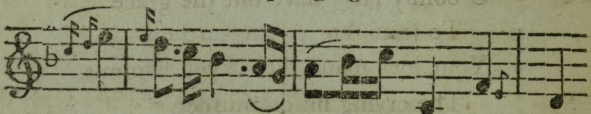
LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.



The morn was fair, fast was the air, All Na-



ture's sweets were springing : The buds did bow



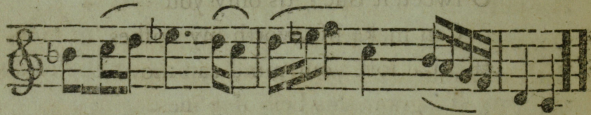
with silver dew, Ten thousand birds were sing-



ing, When on the bent, with blyth content,



young Jamie sang his marrow, Nae bonnier lass e'er



trode the grafs on Leader-haughts and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace

In heavenly beauty's planted !

Her smiling e'en and comely mein,
That nae perfection wanted.

I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But blefs my bonny marrow :

If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae forrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
Of ev'ry charm inchanting,

Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.

O bonny lads ! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,

Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And day and night affright ye ;

But if ye're kind, and joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.

Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow :

Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you

Can make life worth my wishes,

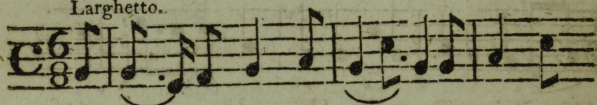
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.

Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom :

But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

SONG L.

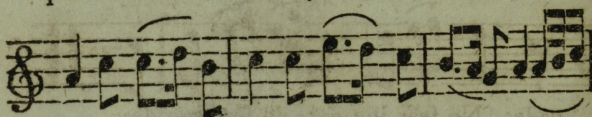
HOW BLEST THE MAID.

Larghetto.

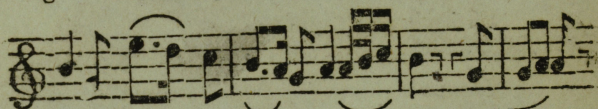
How blest the maid whose bosom No headstrong



passion knows, Her days in joys she pas-ses, Her



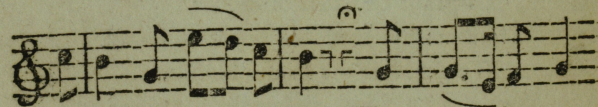
nights in calm repose. Where'er her fan-cy leads



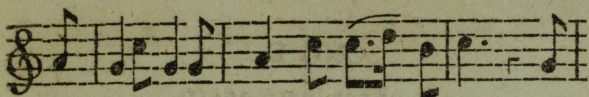
her, No pain, no fear invades her, But pleasure



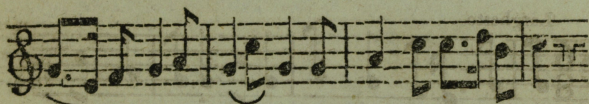
without measure from every object flows. No pain,



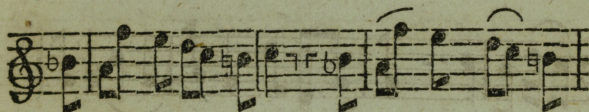
no fear. Where'er she goes, How blest the maid.



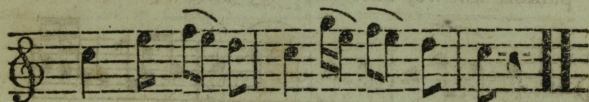
whose bosom no headstrong passion knows, Her



days in joys she passes, Her nights in calm repose.



Where'er her fancy leads, No pain no fear in-



vades, No fear invades, no fear invades.

SONG LI.

HAD I A HEART.



Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er



could injure you ; For tho' your tongue no pro-



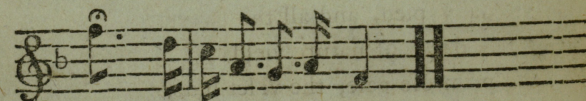
mise claim'd, your charms would make me true.



To you no soul shall bear deceit, No stranger



offer wrong ; But friends in all the ag'd you'll



meet, And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

SONG LII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

TO THE FOREGOING TUNE.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, in blytheft notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray :
 They sung their little tales of love
 They sung them o'er and o'er ;
 Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge,
 Ma Molly Ahtore !

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields ;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields :

Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate :
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core ?
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear !
Ah ! why did I believe ?
Yet, who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive ?
That love was all I ask'd on earth,
Nay, heav'n could give no more.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green pasture fill ;
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough ;

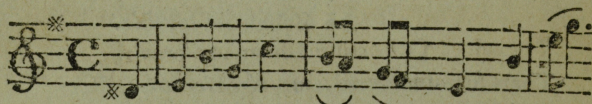
I envied not their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo :
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn ;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone :
 Tho' thou art false, may heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

VOL. II.

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SONG LIII.
FOR EVER FORTUNE.



For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove An un-



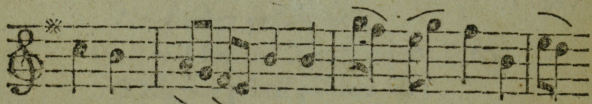
re-lenting foe to love? And when we meet a



mutual heart, Come in between and bid us part?



Bid us fight on, from day to day, And wish and



with our souls away, Till youth and genial years



are flown, And all the life of life is gone

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To bind the gentle with the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

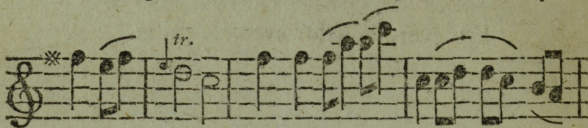
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SONG LIV.

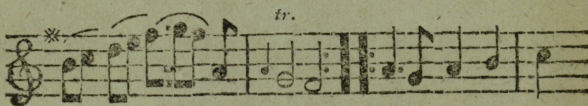
THE BANKS OF BANNA.



Shepherds, I have lost my love, Have you



seen my Anna, Pride of ev'ry shady grove, Up-



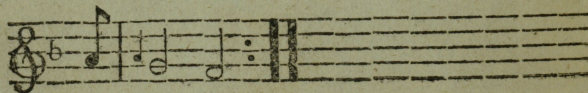
pon the banks of Banna. I for her my home



for - fook Near yon misty mountain, Left my



flock, my pipe, my crook, greenwood shade,



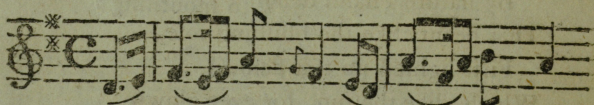
and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning ;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning ;

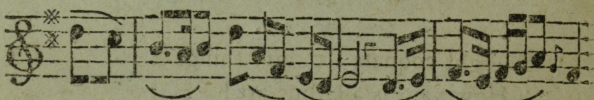
Whither is my charmer flown.
Shepherds tell me whither,
Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever, and for ever.

SONG LV.

PINKY HOUSE.



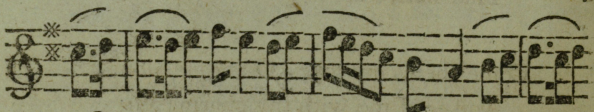
By Pin -- kie house oft. let me walk,



While cir -- cled in my arms, I hear my Nel-



ly sweetly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms.



O let me e - ver fond behold those gra-



ces void of art, Those chearful smiles that



sweet-ly hold in will - ing chains my heart.

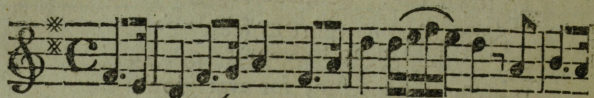
O come, my love, and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind ;
That gratefulness of air, in you,
By nature's hand design'd :
That beauty like the blushing rose,
First lighted up this flame !
Which, like the sun, for ever glows
Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquets ! ye airy things !
How vain is all your art !
How seldom it a lover brings !
How rarely keeps a heart !
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That sweet, that graceful ease ;
That blushing modesty that warms ;
That native art to please !

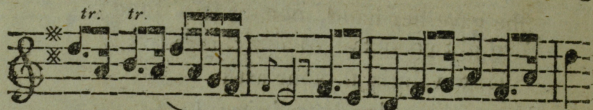
Come then, my love, O ! come along,
And feed me with thy charms ;
Come, fair inspirer of my song,
O fill my longing arms !
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, so bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
And fill the soul divine.

SONG LVI.

JAMIE GAY.



As Ja - mie Gay gaed blithe his way Along



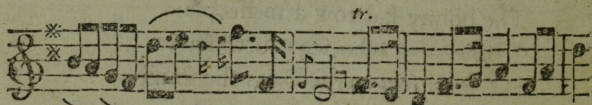
the banks of Tweed, A bonny lafs as e-



ver was came tripping o'er the mead. The



hear - ty fwain, un - taught to feign, The



buxom nymph survey'd, And full of glee, As lad



could be, Bespoke the blooming maid.

Dear lassie, tell, why by thyself
Thou lonely wander'st here?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Canst tell me, laddie, where?
To town I hie, he made reply,
Some pleasing sport to see:
But thou'rt so neat, so trim, so sweet,
I'll seek thy ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand;
But lik'd the youth's intent:
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went.
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flow'rets bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And lovers joys when crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his pow'r,
When to the shade their steps they made
To pass the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
The lads, who scorn'd to frown:
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

SONG LVII.

THE BROOM ON COWDENKNOWS.



When summer comes, the swains on Tweed



sing their suc - cess - ful loves ; A - round the -



ewes and lambkins feed, And music fills the



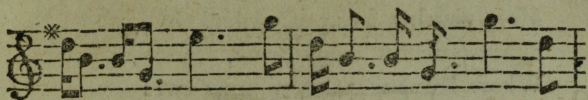
groves : But my lov'd song is then the broom



so fair on Cowdenknows ; For sure so soft so



sweet a bloom Elsewhere there ne - - ver grows.



Oh the broom, the bonny bonny broom, the



broom on Cowdenknows ; For fure so soft, so



sweet a bloom Elsewhere there ne - ver grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,

And won my yielding heart ;

No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed

Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde

The hills and dales all round ;

Of Leader haughs and Leader side,

Oh ! how I blest'd the sound.

Oh ! the broom, &c.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,

May with its broom compare ;

Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,

Nor the Bush aboon Traquair.

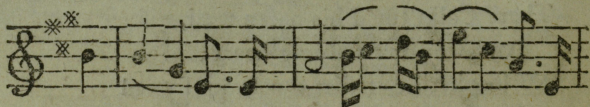
More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At eve among the broom.
 Oh! the broom, &c.

SONG LVIII.

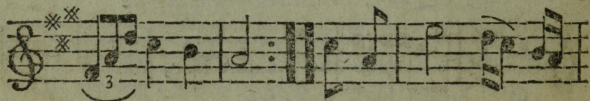
STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.

Andante.

Still the lark finds re - - pose in the full wa-



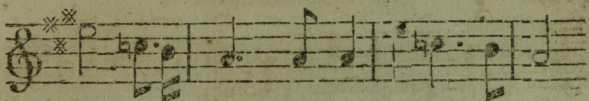
ving corn, Or the bee on the rose, tho' fur-



rounded with thorn. Never robb'd of their



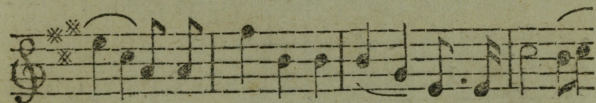
ease, they are thoughtless and free: But no



more gentle peace shall e'er harbour with me.



e'er harbour with me. Still the lark finds re-



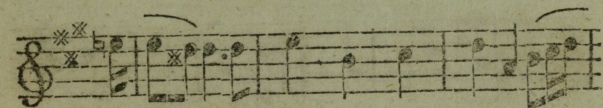
pose, in the full waving corn, Or the bee on



the rose, tho' furrounded with thorn: Still in



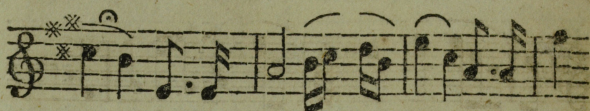
search of delight, every pleasure they prove, Ne'er



torment-ed by pride, nor the flights of fond



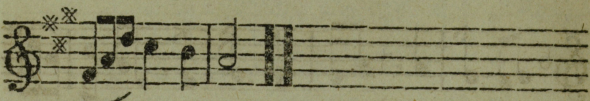
love, the flights of fond love, the flights of fond



love. Still the lark finds repose in the full



waving corn, Or the bee on the rose, tho' fur-



rounded with thorn.

SONG LIX.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.



My lodging is on the cold ground, And



ve-ry hard is my fare; But that which grieves



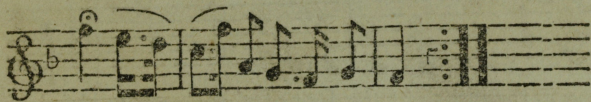
me more, love, Is the coldness of my dear - -



Yet still he cry'd, turn love, I pray thee, love,



turn to me ; For thou art the on - ly girl,



love, that is adored by me.

With a garland of straw I'll crown thee, love,

I'll marry thee with a rush-ring ;

Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,

So merrily I shall sing.

Yet still, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,

And be deaf to my pitiful moan :

Oh ! I must endure the smart, love,

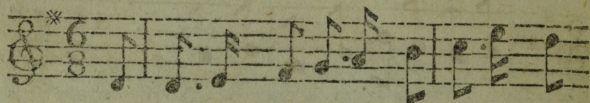
And tumble in straw all alone.

Yet still, &c.

M:

SONG LX.

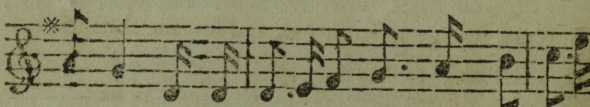
THE BANKS OF THE DEE.



'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were



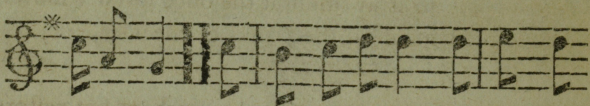
blowing, And sweetly the nightingale sung from



the tree; At the foot of a rock where the river



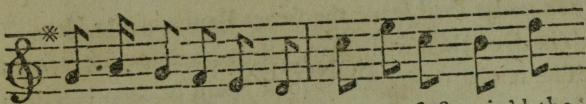
was flowing, I sat myself down on the banks



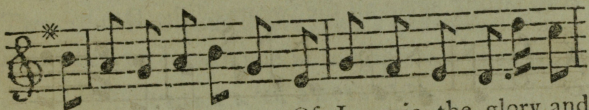
of the Dee. Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou



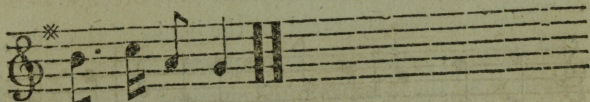
sweet river, Thy banks, purest stream, shall be



dear to me ever : For there I first gain'd the



affection and favour Of Ja - mie the glory and



pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourn-
ing,

To quell the proud rebels---for valiant is he ;
And ah ! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
'To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud-roaring bil-
lows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The lonliest maid on the Banks of the Dee,

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch
o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet Banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
 While I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

ADDITIONS BY A LADY.

Thus sung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
 And sweetly re-cho'd each neighbouring tree;
 But now all these hopes must vanish for ever,
 Since Jamie shall ne'er see the Banks of the Dee.
 On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
 In a foreign grave his body's now lying;
 While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are
 crying
 For Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mis-hap on the hand by whom he was wounded;
 Mis-hap on the wars that call'd him away (ed,
 From a circle of friends by which he was surround-
 Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.
 Oh! poor hapless maid, who mourns discontented,
 The loss of a lover so justly lamented;
 By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
 And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.

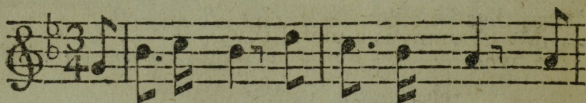
'Twas honour and brav'ry made him leave her
 mourning,

From unjust rebellion his country to free ;
 He left her in hopes of a speedy returning,
 To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
 For this he despised all dangers and perils ;
 'Twas thus he espoused Britannia's quarrels,
 That when he came home he might crown her with
 laurels,
 The happiest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

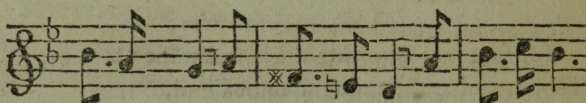
But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
 Tho' dreadful the thought must be unto me ;
 He fell, like brave Wolfe, when the troops were
 victorious ;
 Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree :
 Yet, tho' he is gone, the once faithful lover,
 And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,
 No doubt he implored his pity and favour
 For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

SONG LXI.

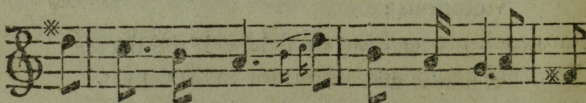
TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



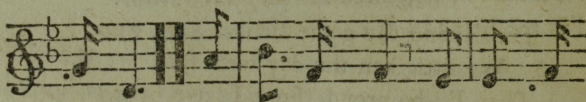
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And



frost and snaw on il - - - ka hill, And Boreas wi'



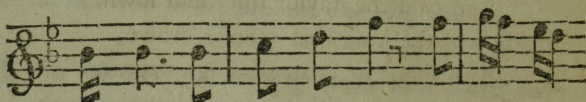
his blasts fae bauld, was threat'ning a' our ky



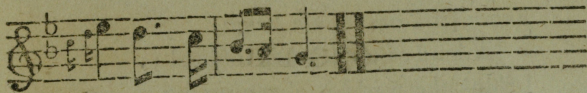
to kill; Then Bell my wife, who loe's nae



strife, She said to me right haf - ti - ly, Get up,



gudeman, save Crummy's life, And tak' your



auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Crummy is a useful cow,
 And she is come of a guid kine ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou',
 And I am laith that she should tynè ;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a guid gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about ye.

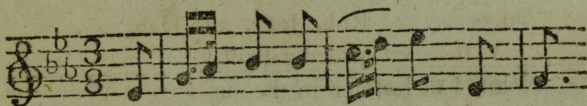
Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
I think the world is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly ?
While I sit hurklen in the ase--
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
Now they are women grown and men.
I wish and pray well may they be
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife she lo'es nae strife ;
But she wad guide me if she can ;
And, to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye give her a' the plea :
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

SONG LXII.

CONTENT.



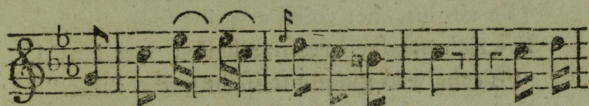
O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, bar-



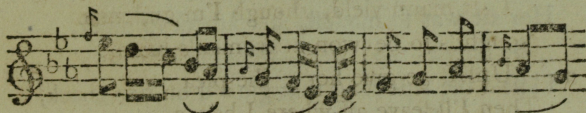
ren, and bare, As wearied and wilder'd I roam,



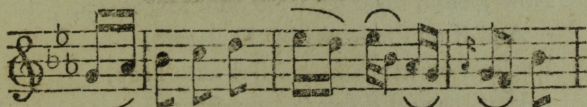
A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,



And leads me o'er lawns to her home. Yellow



sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,



Green rushes were strew'd on the floor; Her



casement sweet woodbines crept wanton--ly round,



And deckt the sod-seats at the door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;
 Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances
 she cast,

Love sily stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)

" I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

" Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,

So simple--tho' sweet--were her charms ;

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if on the banks by the stream,

Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,

Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views;
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent;
 The cottager *Peace* is well known for her fire,
 The shepherds have nam'd her *CONTENT*.

VOL. II.

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SONG LXV.

JOHNNY AND MARY.



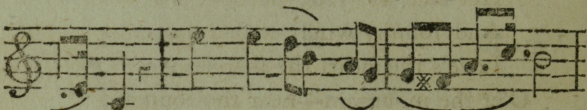
Down the burn and thro' the mead, His gol-



den locks wav'd o'er his brow, Johnny lilt-



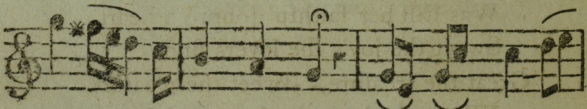
ing tun'd his reed, And Ma-ry wip'd her bon-



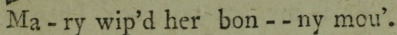
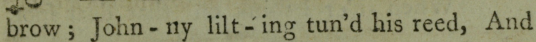
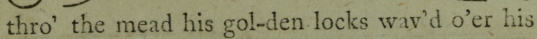
ny mou'. Dear she lo'ed the well-known song,



While her John-ny, blyth and bonny, Sung her



praise the whole day long. Down the burn and



Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart,
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart :
Sweet the joy's the lovers find,
Great the treasure, - - sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

SONG LXVI.

THE ROYAL COTTAGER.



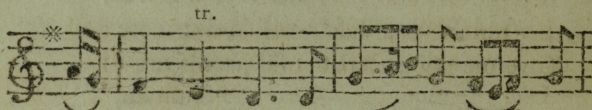
When - e'er I think on that dear spot, On



which I fix'd my ru - ral cot ; Then while



my rose hung on my arm, All free from guile



and free from harm, My days they glid - ed



on with glee, And all things then were well



with me : My days they glided on with glee,



And all things then were well with me.

But when once drawn away by fate
 Unto a more exalted state,
 By smiling Fortune promi'd fair
 Until she brought her train of care :
 'Twas then I first began to see
 That happiness had fled from me.

The noise of cities, glare of courts,
 Where gay dissimulation sports,
 Where envy fain wou'd blight my Rose,
 Because her cheek so purely glows ;
 Let fortune take her stores again,
 Give me my cot, and rural plain.

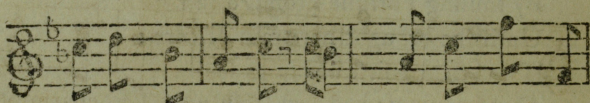
And while I tread the ocean's side,
 The greatest pleasure, greatest pride,
 Shall be each day with Rose to walk,
 In social inoffensive talk ;
 And when each blissful day shall close,
 The waves shall lull us to repose.

SONG LXVII.

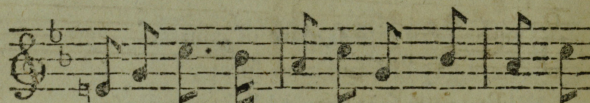
PEGGY PERKINS.



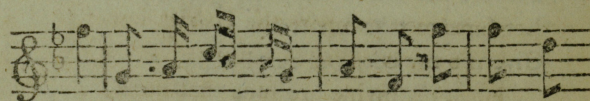
Let bards elate of Sue and Kate, And Mog-



gy take their fill, O ; And pleas'd rehearse in



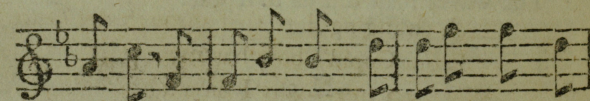
jingling verse, The Lafs of Richmond hill, O,



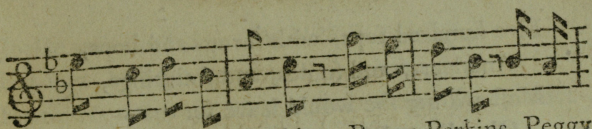
The lafs of Richmond hill, O. A lafs more



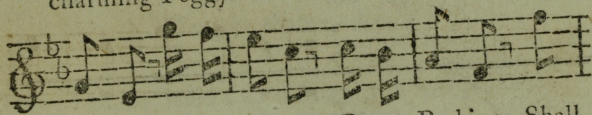
bright my am'rous flight, Impell'd by Love's fond



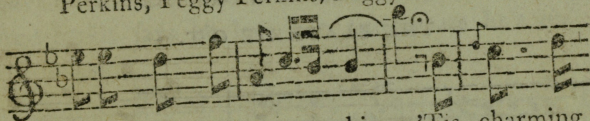
workings, Shall fondly sing, like a-ny thing, 'Tis



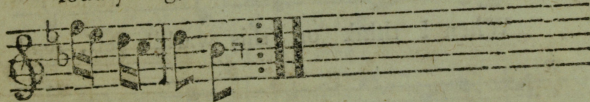
charming Peggy Perkins, Peggy Perkins, Peggy



Perkins, Peggy Perkins, Peggy Perkins. Shall



loudly sing, like a - - ny thing, 'Tis charming



Peg - gy Perkins.

Some men compare the fav'rite fair

To every thing in nature ;

Her eyes divine are suns that shine,

And so on with each feature.

Leave, leave ye fools, these hackneyed rules,

And all such subtile quirkings ;

Sun, moon, and stars, are all a farce,

Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.

Each twanging dart that through my heart

From Cupid's bow has morric'd,

Were it a tree---why I should be

For all the world a forest !

Five hundred fops, with shrugs and hops,
 And leers, and smiles, and smirking,
 Most willing she would leave for me—
 Oh what a Peggy Perkins!

SONG LXVIII.

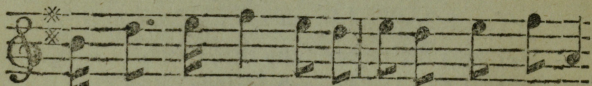
THE BLATHRIE O'T.



When I think on this world's pelf, And



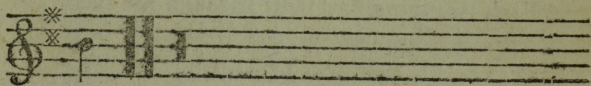
the little wi' share I ha'e o't to myself, And how



the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,



May the shame fa' the gear and the bla-thrie



o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear enugh;
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden
coat;

May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her filken attire,
And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me
forgot;

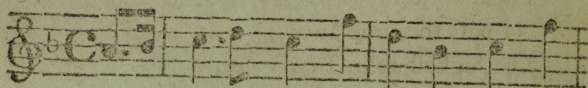
May the shame, &c.

But all this shall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth a
groat;

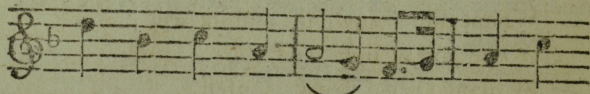
May the shame, &c.

SONG LXIX.

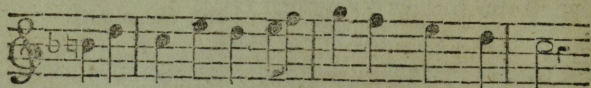
JENNY MAY.



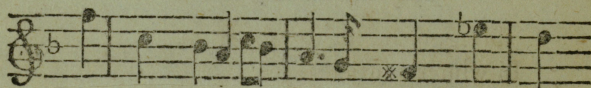
When Phœbus first salutes the east, And



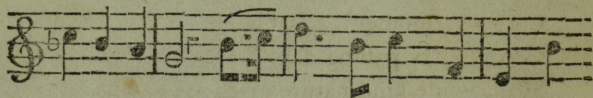
dew-drops deck each thorn, When ploughmen



shake off downy rest, And hunters wind the horn :



Then light as air I seek the shade Where glides



the silver Tay, And tune my pipe to that sweet



maid Whose name is JENNY MAY.

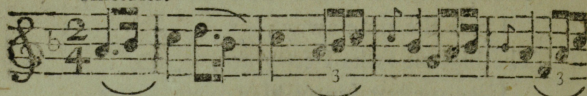
At noon, when sultry sol is found
To scorch the verdant plain ;
When nimbling flocks are panting round,
And seem to live in pain ;
Then, shelter'd in the straw thatch'd cot,
I pass the time away ;
The highest folks I envy not,
Give me but Jenny May.

When, riding down the distant west,
The god of light declines,
By many varied streaks confest,
Delightfully he shines :
With nymphs and shepherds on the plain,
I still am blithe and gay ;
But yet my softest, sweetest strain
Must flow to Jenny May.

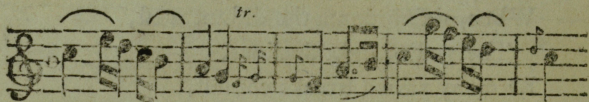
In spring, in summer, autumn too,
In winter's fieriest rage,
Days, hours, and months I'll still pursue
My fancy to engage :
For ev'ry moment, ev'ry hour,
And ev'ry passing day
Shall, while kind nature gives me pow'r,
Be true to Jenny May.

SONG LXX.
IN AIRY DREAMS.

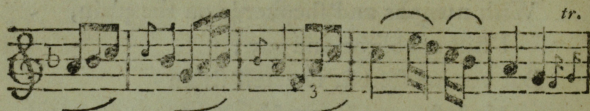
Affetuoso.



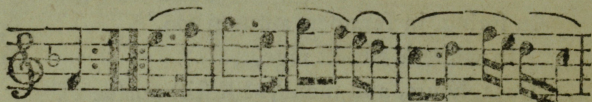
In ai-ry dreams soft fan - - cy flies My



ab - - - fent love to see, And with the ear -



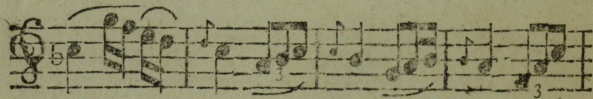
-ly dawn I rise, Dear youth to think on



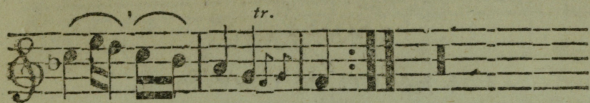
thee. How swiftly flew the ro - - - - - fy



hours, While love and hope were new ; Sweet



as - - the breath of op' - - ning flow'rs, But



ah --- as transient too.

The moments now move slowly on,
 Until thy wish'd return ;
 I count them oft, as all alone
 The pensive shades I mourn.
 Return, return my love, and charm
 Each anxious care to rest ;
 Thy smiles shall every care disarm,
 And soothe my soul to rest.

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SONG LXXI.

THE EGYPTIAN LOVE-SONG.

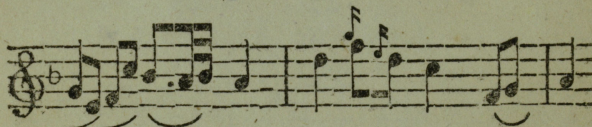
FROM POTIPHAR'S WIFE TO YOUNG JOSEPH.

Translated from an Oriental Essay on Chastity.

Sweet doth blush the ro-sy morn-ing, Sweet



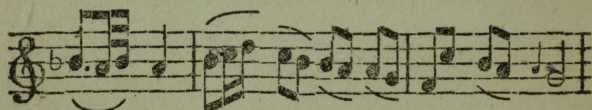
doth beam the glist'ning dew ; Sweeter still the



day a--dorn-ing, Thy dear smiles transport



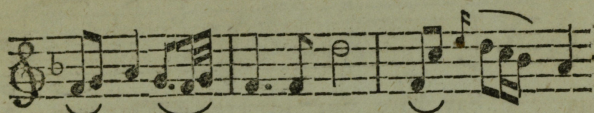
my view. Midst the blossoms, fragrance



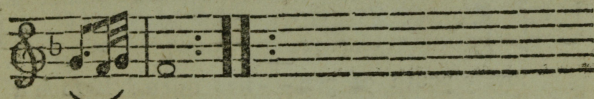
flow--ing, Why delights the hon--ied bee,



sweeter breaths thy - self be - flow - ing? One



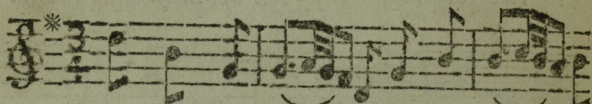
kind kifs on me! on me! One kind kifs



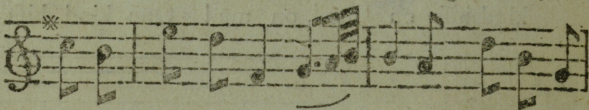
on me.

SONG LXXII.

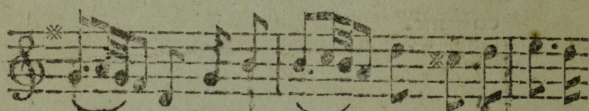
ALLEN BROOKE OF WYNDERMEER.



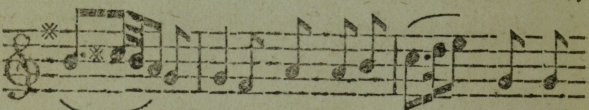
Say, have you in the village seen, A



lovely youth of pen - - five mien? If such a



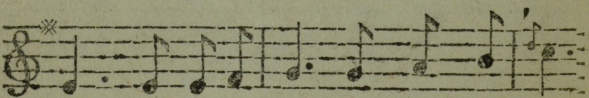
one hath passed by, with me-lan-cho-ly



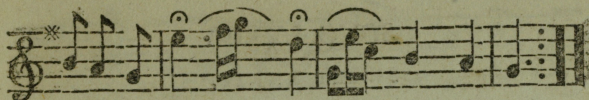
in his eye, Where is he gone? Ah! tell



me where?--'Tis Allen Brooke of Wýn-der-



meer: Where is he gone? Ah! tell me where?



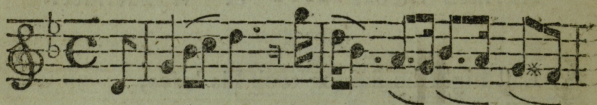
'Tis Allen Brooke ----- of Wyndermeer.

Last night he sighing took his leave,
Which caus'd me all the night to grieve;
And many maids I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me.
But Heaven knows my heart's sincere
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he should leave me so:
But if my love should anger'd be,
And try to hide himself from me,
Then Death shall bear me on a bier
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

SONG LXXIII.

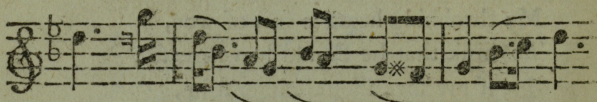
SWEET ANNIE.



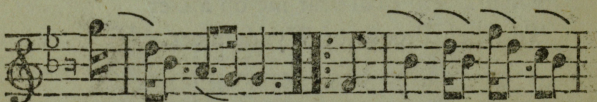
Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came, Where



Jockey speel'd the vessel's fide, Ah! wha can



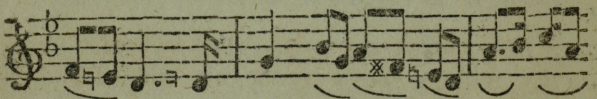
keep their heart at hame, When Jockey's toft



a-boon the tide. Far aff to dif-tant



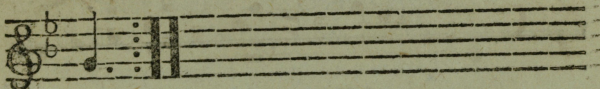
realms he gangs, Yet I'll prove true as he



has been; And when ilk lafs a--bout him



thrangs, He'll think on Annie, his faithful



ane.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gi'e.
 What tho' my Jockey's far away,
 Toft up and down the ansome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jockey may return again.

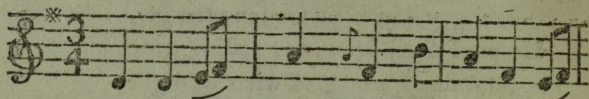
Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend his love betray:
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jockey's notes do faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.

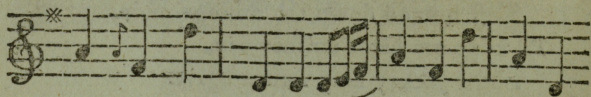
What tho' my Jockey's far away,
 Yet he will braw in filler shine;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jockey may again be mine.

SONG LIV.

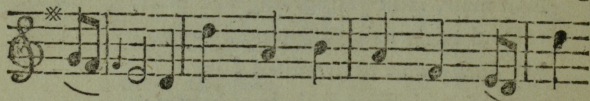
DONNEL AND FLORA.



When mer-ry hearts were gay, Careless of



ought but play, Poor Flo-ra flit away, Sadning



to Mora: Loose flow'd her coal-black hair, quick



heav'd her bosom bare, And thus to the troub-



led air She vented her sorrow.

" Loud howls the northern blast,
" Bleak is the dreary waste ;—
" Haste then, O Donnel haste,
 " Haste to thy Flora.
" Twice twelve long months are o'er,
" Since in a foreign shore
" You promis'd to fight no more,
 " But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donnel dear ?"
" Maids cry with taunting sneer,
" Say, is he still sincere
 " To his lov'd Flora ?"
" Parents upbraid by moan,
" Each heart is turn'd to stone—
" Ah Flora ! thou'rt now alone,
 " Friendless in Mora !

" Come, then, O come away,
" Donnel no longer stay ;
" Where can my rover stray
 " From his dear Flora.
" Ah sure he ne'er could be
" False to his vows to me—
" O heaven ! is not yonder he
 " Bounding in Mora ?

" Never, O wretched fair,
(Sigh'd the sad messenger)
" Never shall Donnel mair
 " Meet his lov'd Flora.

“ Cold, cold beyond the main
“ Donnel thy love lies slain ;
“ He sent me to soothe thy pain
“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men,
“ Headed by brave Burgoyne ;
“ Our heroes were thrice led on
“ To British glory,
“ But ah! tho’ our foes did flee,
“ Sad was the loss to thee,
“ While every fresh victory
“ Drown’d us in sorrow.”

“ Here, take this trusty blade,”

(Donnel expiring, said)

“ Give it to yon dear maid
“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Tell her, O Allan, tell,

“ Donnel thus bravely fell,

“ And that in his last farewell,

“ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,

Sigh’d out poor Flora !

“ Oh Donnel ! O welladay !”

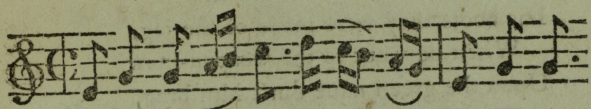
Was all the fond heart could say ;

At length the sound died away,

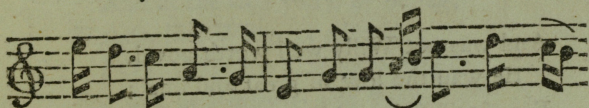
Feebly in Mora.

SONG LXXV.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.



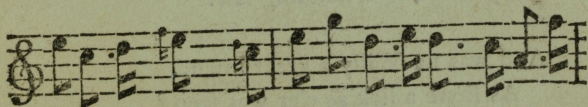
Willy was a wanton wag, The blytheft lad



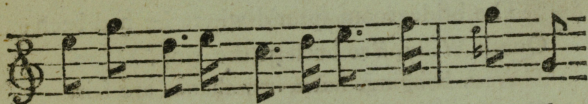
that e'er I saw, At bridals still he bore the brag



And carried ay the gree awa'. His doublet was



of Zetland shag, And vow but Willy he was braw;



At his shoulder hang a tag, That pleas'd the

2d Verse.



lasses best of a'. He was a man

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-shaw
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a' ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd,
He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lassies hale-fale a' ?
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danc'd with the lassies round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been:
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair.
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do na mair

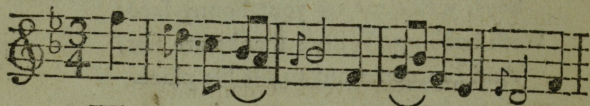
Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;

But shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling :
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face ;
With bobbing, Willy's shanks are fair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridgroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless, like Willy, ye advance ;
(O ! Willy has a wanton wag :)
For wi't he learns us a to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring ;
We will find nae sick dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

SONG LXXVI.

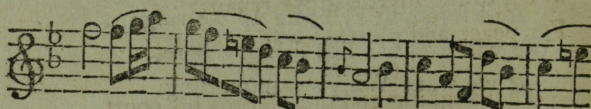
WHEN MORN HER SWEETS.



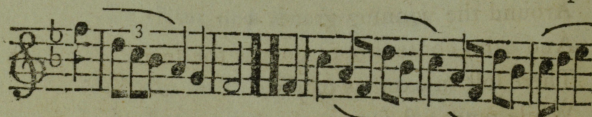
When morn her sweets shall first unfold, And



paint the flee - cy clouds with gold, On tuft - ed



green O let me play, And welcome up



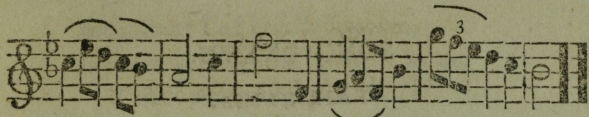
the jo-cund day. Wak'd by the gen - tle voice



of love, A--rife, my fair, a--rife and prove The



dear delights fond lovers know, The best of blessings



here below, The best of blessings here below.

To some clear river's verdant side,
 Do thou my happy footsteps guide ;
 In concert with the purling stream
 We'll sing, and love shall be the theme :
 E'er night assumes her gloomy reign,
 When shadows lengthen o'er the plain ;
 We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
 For peace and pleasure wait us there.

The laughing god there keeps his court,
 And little loves incessant sport ;
 Around the winning graces wait,
 And calm contentment guards the seat.
 There lost in extasies of joy,
 While tenderest scenes our thoughts employ,
 We'll bless the hour our loves begun,
 The happy moment made us one .

SONG LXXVII.

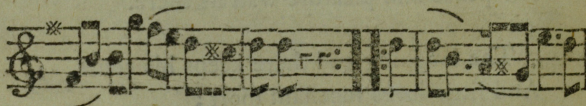
FAIR ELIZA.



At Beau - ty's shrine I long have bow'd,



At each new face my heart has glow'd With



something like a passion. But dull in - fi - pid



joys I found, The bliss no genuine rap - tures



crow'nd, The fair love but from fa --- shion, The



fair love but from fashion.

Inconstant I of course became,
No care kept up the lambent flame,
Which thus unheeded died :
To whim was sacrificed each grace,
To vanity each pleasing face,
And love too oft to pride.

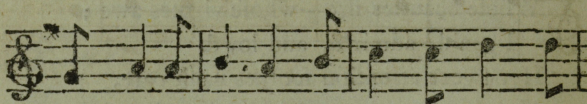
At length I fair Eliza saw,
Whose beauties fire---whose virtues awe ;
I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.
Her sweet attention sooths each care,
Nought can our mutual bliss impair,
Time has our flame improv'd.

SONG LXXVIII.

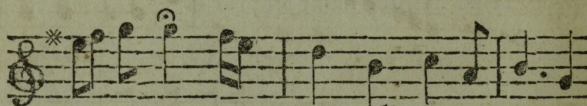
THE FLOWING CAN.



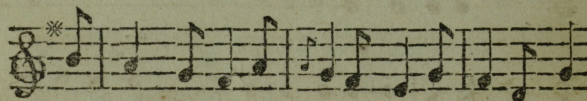
A failor's life's a life of woe, He works



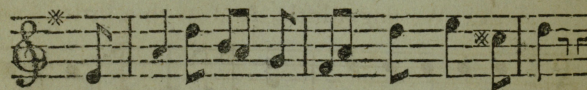
now late now early; Now up and down, now



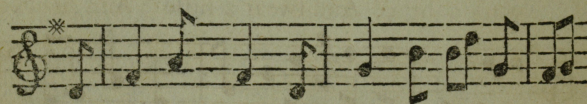
to and fro, What then? he takes it cheerly"



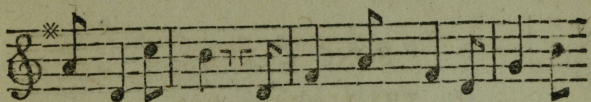
Blest with a smiling can of grog, If duty call,



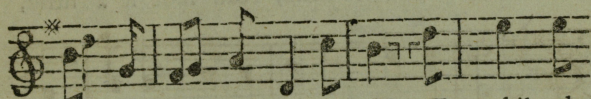
stand, rise, or fall, To fates last verge he'll jog.



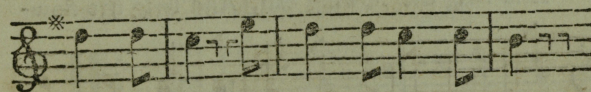
The cadge to weigh, the sheets belay, He does.



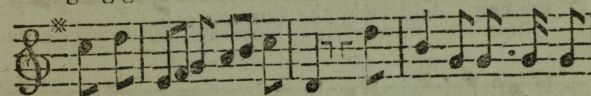
it with a wish, To heave the lead, or to cat-



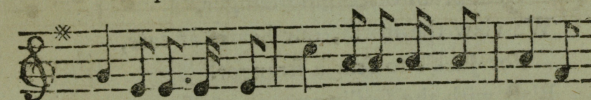
head the pond'rous anchor fish : For while the



grog goes round, All sense of danger's drown'd,



We despise it to a man. We sing a little, and



laugh a little, And work a little, And swear a



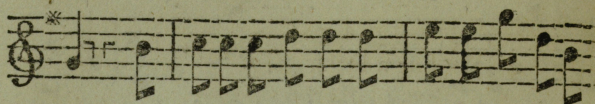
little : We sing a little, And laugh a little, And



work a little, And swear a little : And fiddle a



little, And foot it a little, And swig the flowing



can, And fiddle a little, And foot it a little,



And fwig the flowing can, And fwig the flow-



ing can, And fwig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas

Give proof of coming danger,

We view the storm, our hearts at ease,

For Jack's to fear a stranger.

Blest with the smiling grog, we fly

Where now below

We headlong go,

Now rise on mountains high:

Spight of the gale,

We hand the sail,

Or take the needful reef;

Or man the deck,

To clear some wreck,

To give the ship relief.

Though perils threat around,

All sense of danger's drown'd,

We despise it to a man.
We sing a little, &c.

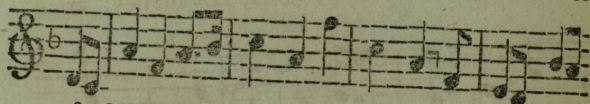
But yet think not our case is hard,
Though storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home--a sweet reward,
With smiles our sweathearts greet us.
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toast,
Her we love most,
And gayly sing and laugh,
The sails we furl,
Then for each girl,
The petticoat display.
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms survey.
And then the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man.
We sing a little, &c.

SONG LXXIX.

BILL BOBSTAY.



Tight lads have I fail'd with, but none e'er



so lightly, As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and



so true: He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot



it so lightly, The fore-castle's pride, the delight



of the crew: But poor as a beggar, and of-



ten in tat - - ters He went, tho' his fortune was



kind without end. For money, cried Bill, and



them there sort of mat--ters, For money, cried



Bill, and them there sort of matters, What's



the good on't d'ye fee, but to succour a friend?

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,

First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a rat;

The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,

And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,

Tho' she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,

No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,

When by handing it out he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, spight of
the crosses,
And forgetful of toil that so hard'ly they bore,
That "Sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
"To squander it idly like asses ashore."

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they
measure.

By their feeling, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

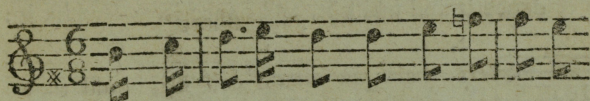
Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of and pother
All about *rights of men*, what a plague are they at?
If they means that each man to his messmate's
a brother,

Why, the lubberly fwabs! ev'ry fool can tell that.

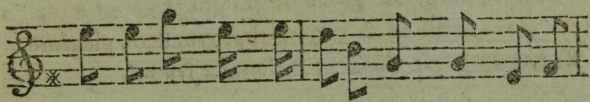
The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend:
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives—and to succour a friend.

SONG LXXX.

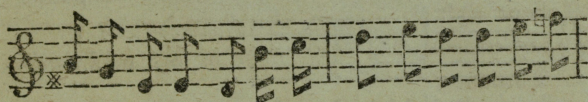
LEAP YEAR.



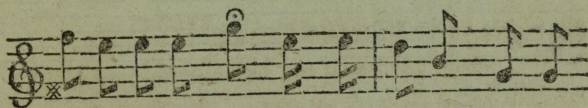
Won't you hail the leap year, by that am'rous



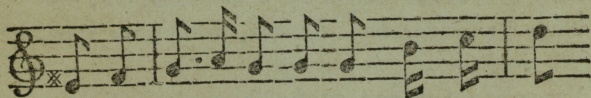
rogue Janus, Once in ev'ry four times confe-



crated to Venus? Oh the fine lovely season for



frolic and sporting, When the men are made love



to, and girls go a-courting: Then come round



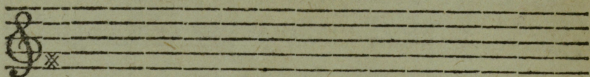
me dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it, And



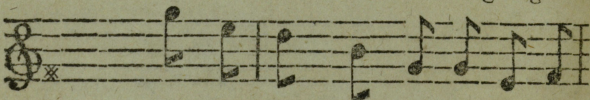
dance it and whisk it, and dance it and whisk it :



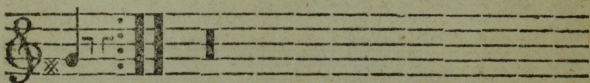
Sing smalliow, ba-the-shin, ah arrow pat : (*To



be sure dere wont be some fine fun going for-



ward) Faith and conscience and you may say



dat.

Mister Vanus come put on a masculine air,
Throw yourself on your knees, curse your stars, lie
and swear ;

Perfection, says you, to your beauty's a quiz,
Cries Miss Mars, do you love me, I do, dam'me, whiz !

Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure dere won't be fine fighting and dying and
wooing and cooing !)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

* To be sung *ad libitum*.

Rich young ladies of sixty new born to love's joys,
 Shall hobble and mumble their courtship to boys ;
 Girls shall court from the shiners of old men
 assistance,

With their eye on a handsome tight lad in the dis-
 tance,

Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure they won't make the best use of their
 time !)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

Miss Maypole shall stoop to the arms of an imp,
 And the tall lady Gauky shall court my Lord Shrimp,
 Miss Pigmy shall climb round the neck of a tall man,
 And the rich widow Mite court a big Irish Jollman !

Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure dere won't be fine simpering and ogling
 and leering !)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

Miss Champanfy, whose monky has so many charms,
 Of a fine powder'd coxcomb shall rush to the arms ;
 To court Mister Sciatic Miss Spasm shall hop,
 And Miss Cheveux de frize shall address Mr Crop !

Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure de bold little devils won't put the men
 in a fine flusteration!)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat ;

Thus you've nothing to do Jollmen all but sit still,
 And fait ev'ry Jack will soon find out a Jill ;

Come on, ye bold devils, fwear, lie, and make
speeches,

'Tis leap-year, and the petticoats govern the breeches !

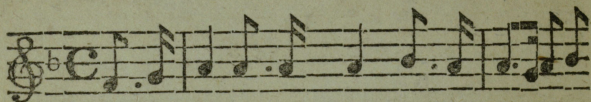
Then come round me, &c.

(Ah the dear creatures ! to be sure they wont cut a
comical figure when they are drefs'd in their in-
expressibles !)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

SONG LXXXI.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.



I that once was a ploughman, a failor am



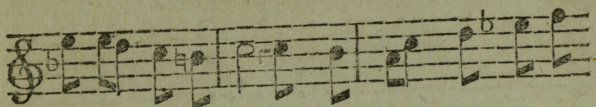
now. No lark that aloft in the sky, E-ver flut-



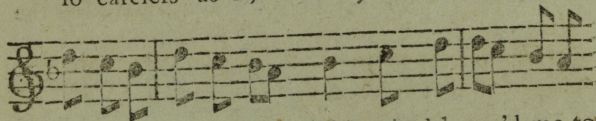
ter'd his wings to give speed to the plough Was



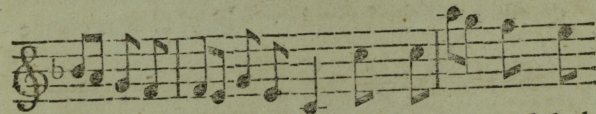
so gay and so carelefs as I, Was so gay and



fo carelefs as I; But my friend was a car-



findo a-board a king's fhip, And he ax'd me to



go juft to fea for a trip; And he talk'd of fuch



things as if failors were kings, And fo teasing did



keep, and fo teasing did keep, That I left my poor



plough to go ploughing the deep. No long-er the



horn call'd me up in the morn, No longer the



horn call'd me up in the morn, I trusted the



carfindo and the inconstant wind, That made me



for to go and leave my dear be - hind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,

When in danger there is no door to creep out ;

I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and flip,

But I did not like rocking about ;

By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,

Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat ;

Ah ! cried I, who would roam,

That like me had a home ;

When I'd sow and I'd reap,

Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,

Where sweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn,

Ere I trusted the Carfindo and the inconstant wind,

That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

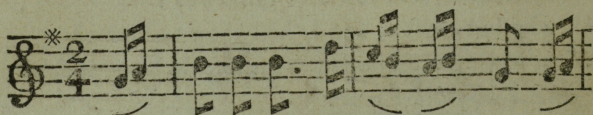
At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
 Nor did I make any long stay,
 Ere I found by a friend who I ax'd for my kin,
 Father dead, and my wife ran away !
 Ah who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame?
 Wives loosing their husbands oft lose their good name.

Ah why did I roam
 When so happy at home :
 I could sow and could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep :
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,
 Curse light upon the Carfindo and inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the case, said this very same friend,
 And you ben't no more minded to roam,
 Gi'e's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
 Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home.
 Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
 Buff'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin :
 Now, cried I, let them roam,
 Who want a good home,
 I am well, so I'll keep,
 Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the
 deep ;
 Once more shall the horn
 Call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any damn'd Carfindo, nor the inconstant
 wind
 E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

SONG LXXXII.

WHEN CUPID HOLDS THE MYRTLE CROWN.



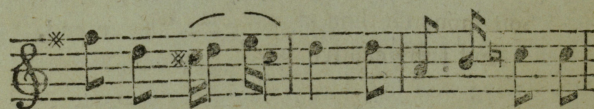
When Cupid holds the myr - tle crown, I'll



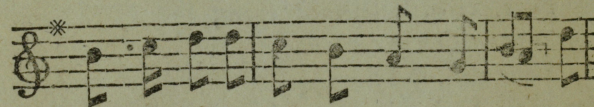
not the gift de - ny, But gladly seize the pro -



fer'd boon Which now compleats my joy, which



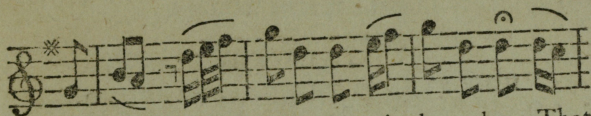
now compleats my joy. Yet not am - bi - tion



prompts me on To rule the wide Desime, I'd



reign a king in love alone That thou might be.



my queen, I'd reign a king in love alone That



thou might be my queen.

Or should the goddess, bright and fair,
 Stoop from the Paphian isle,
 And strewing rosy chaplets here,
 On thee prefer to smile :

I'll ne'er repine at this decree,
 Nor other blessing crave ;
 Sole monarch thou in love shalt be,
 And I thy captive slave.

SONG LXXXIV.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.



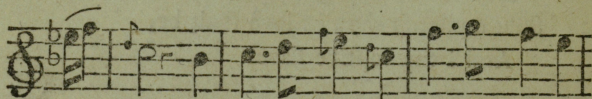
How stands the glaſs around? For ſhame ye



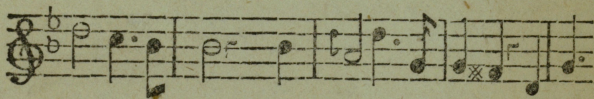
take no care, my boys, How ſtands the glaſs a-



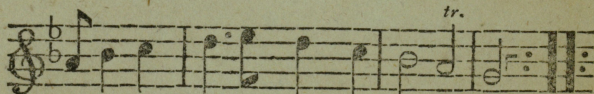
round? Let mirth and wine a - bound. The trum-



pets found, the colours they are flying, boys, To



fight, kill, or wound, May we ſtill be found Content



with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die!
What, fighting? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

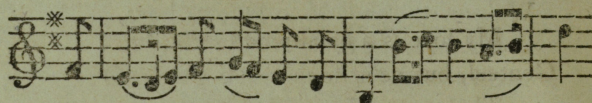
'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
'Tis but in vain,
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again.

SONG LXXXIV.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.



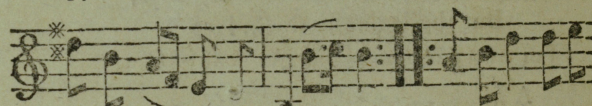
Dumbarton's drums beat bon-ny O, When



they mind me of my dear Johnny O, How hap-



py am I when my foldier is by, While he kif-



fes and bleffes his Annie O. 'Tis a foldier a-



lone can delight me O For his graceful looks do



invite me O: Whilst guarded in his arms, I'll



fear no war's alarms, Neither danger nor death



shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O :
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year,
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie, O.
 A soldier has honour and bravery, O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O :
 He minds no other thing,
 But the ladies or the King ;
 For every other care is but slavery O.

Then I'll be the Captain's lady, O,
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And when'er that beats, I'll be ready, O.
 Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny, O ;
 They are sprightly, like my dear Johnny, O,
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my foldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O.

SONG LXXXV.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

To the foregoing Tune.

○ WHY should old age so much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O;
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our eyes all around us, O.
For how happy now am I, &c.

We began in this world with naething, O,
And we've jogg'd on and toild for the aething, O;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.
We made use of what we had, &c.

When we had any thing we never vaunted, O,
Nor did we hing our heads when we wanted, O;
We always gave a share
Of the little we could spare,
When it pleas'd the ALMIGHTY to grant it, O.
We always gave a share, &c.

We have liv'd all our lifetime contented, O,
Since the day we became first acquainted, O:

It's true we have been poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
 Yet we never repin'd nor lamented, O.
 It's true we have been poor, &c.

We never laid a plot to be wealthy, O,
 By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 But we always had the blifs,
 (And what further could we wis'?)
 To be pleas'd with ourselves and be healthy, O.
 But we always had the blifs, &c.

But tho' we cannot boast of our *guineas*, O,
 We have plenty of *Jockies* and *Jeannies*, O;
 And these I'm certain are
 More desirable by far
 Than a bag full of poor *yellow stanes*, O.
 And these I'm certain are, &c.

We have seen many wonder and fairly, O,
 At changes that have almost been yearly, O,
 Of rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
 That now live but scrimpily and sparsely, O.
 Of rich folks up and down, &c.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O,
 Since a straiten'd life we see is no rarity, O?
 Indeed we've been in want,
 And our living's been but scant,

Yet we never were reduc'd to seek charity, O.
Indeed we've been in want, &c.

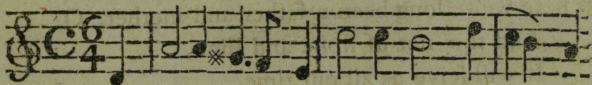
In this house we first came together, O,
Where we've long been a father and mother, O,
And tho' not of stone and lime,
It will serve us all our time,
And I hope we shall never need another, O.
And tho' not of stone and lime, &c.

And when we leave this habitation, O
We'll depart with a good commendation, O,
Well go hand in hand I wis'
To a better place than this,
And make room for the next generation, O,
We'll go hand in hand I wis', &c.

Then why should old age so much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O,
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O.
For how happy now am I, &c.

SONG LXXXVI.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.



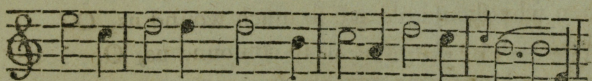
There was a jol-ly miller once Liv'd on the



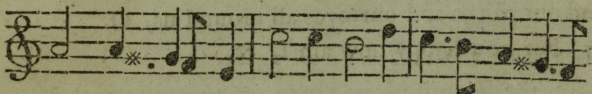
ri-ver Dee, He danc'd and he fung from morn



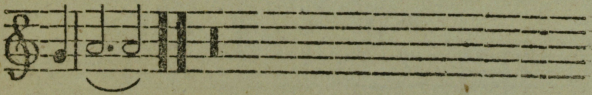
till night, No lark so blithe as he. And this the



burden of his song for e-ver us'd to be: I



care for nobody, no, not I, If no-bo-dy cares



for me.

I live by my mill, God blefs her! she's kindred,
child and wife;

I would not change my ftation for any other in life.
No lawyer, furgeon, or doct'or, e'er had a groat from
me.

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When fpring begins its merry career, oh! how his
heart grows gay!

No fummer's drouth alarms his fears, nor winter's
fad decay;

No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to
fing and fay,

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
and fing:

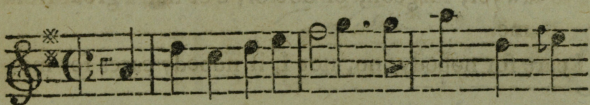
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.

This fong fhall pafs from me to thee, along this
jovial ring:

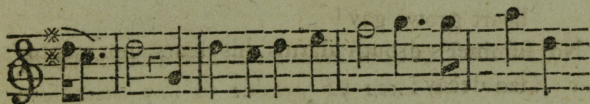
Let heart and voice and all agree, to fay,—long live
the King!

SONG LXXXVII.

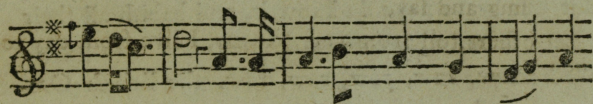
BRITISH GRENADIERS.



Some talk of Alexander, and some of Her-



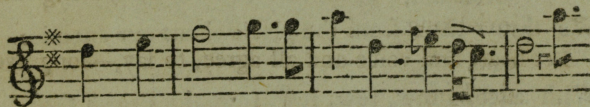
cu--les, Of Canon and Lyfander, and some Mil-



ti - a - des ; But of all the world's brave heroes



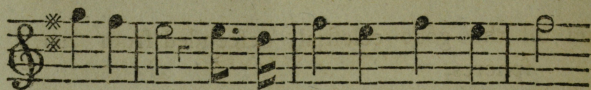
there's none that can compare With a tow, row,



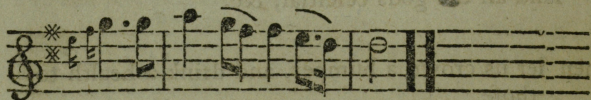
row, row, row, to the British grenadiers. But



of all the world's brave heroes there's none that



can compare with a tow, row, row, row, row,



to the British gre-na-diers.

None of those ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes
withal ;

But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their
fears,

With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Gre-
nadiers.

But our brave boys, &c

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the Palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand
Granades,

We throw them from the glaci about our enemies
ears,

With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Gre-
nadiers,

We throw them, &c.

The god of war was pleased, and great Bellona smiles,
To see these noble heroes of our British Isles ;

And all the gods celestial, descended from their
spheres,

Beheld with admiration the British Grenadiers.

And all the gods celestial, &c.

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a health to
those

Who carry caps and pouches that wear the looped
clothes.

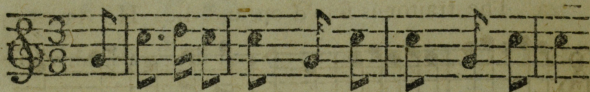
May they and their commanders live happy all their
years,

With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Gre-
nadiers.

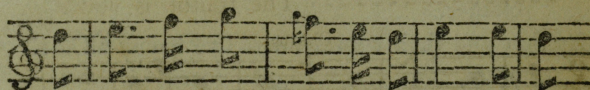
May they and their commanders, &c.

SONG LXXXVIII.

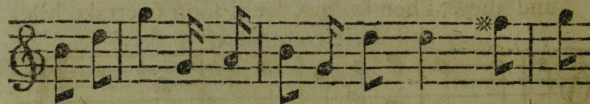
THE ECHOING HORN.



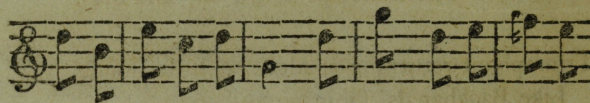
The echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad



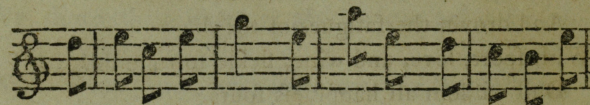
To horse, my brave boys, and away. The morn-



ing is up, and the cry of the hounds Upbraids



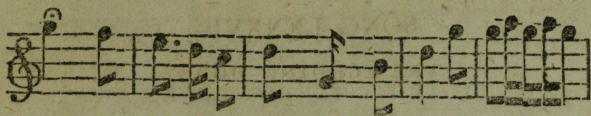
our too tedious delay. What pleasure we feel in



purfuing the fox ! O'er hill and o'er valley he



flies : Then follow, we'll soon overtake him : huz-



za! The traitor is seiz'd on and dies. He dies --



----- The traitor is seiz'd on
Chorus.



and dies. Then follow, we'll soon overtake him,



huzza! The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,

Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;

How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,

And drown the fatigues of the day!

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;

Dull wisdom all happiness fours.

Since life is no more than a passage at best,

Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

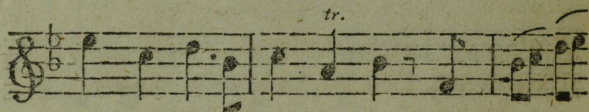
With flow'rs; let's strew, &c.

SONG LXXXIX.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.



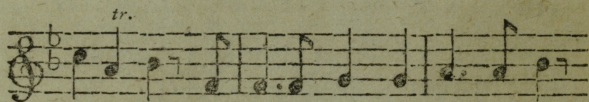
The fields were green, the hills were gay, And



birds were fing'ring on each spray, When Colin



met me in the grove, And told me tender



tales of love. Was ever swain so blithe as he?



So kind, so faithful, and so free? In spite of



all my friends could say, Young Colin stole my



heart away. In spite of all my friends could



say, Young Colin stole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blithe as Colin seen.
 If he's but by I nothing fear;
 For I alone am all his care:
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
 And seems surpris'd I quit my home:
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love.
 Full well I know the gen'rous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain:
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

SONG XC.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.



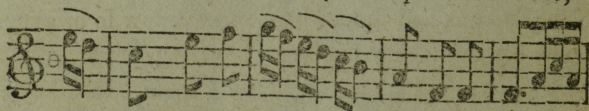
Affist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of



guile, To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle.



Where true ho-spi-ta-li-ty o - - pens the door,



And friendship detains us for one bottle more,



one bot-tle more, ar-ra, one bot-tle more, And



friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and
sincere,

For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

In Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together had met ;
Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart ;
Where the least touch you know makes an Irishman
roar,
And the whack from shillela brought six bottles more.

Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so bright,
Quite happy to view his blest children of light.
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor fore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

SONG XCI.

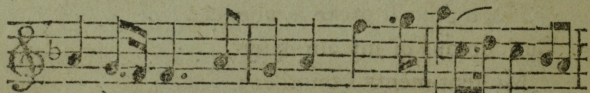
BONNY CHRISTY.



How sweetly smells the summer green ! Sweet



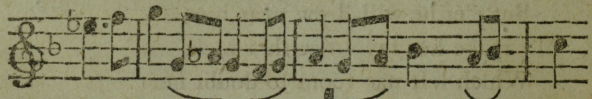
tastes the peach and cherry : Painting and or-der



please our een, And claret makes us mer-ry : But



fin-est colours, fruits, and flowers, and wine, tho'



I be thir-fty, Lose a' their charms and weak-



er powers, Compar'd with those of Chris-ty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No natural beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in concert chanting !
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration ;
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
 And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :
 But dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she loves another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her :
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy !——witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joy frae tears arising,

I wish this mayna be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for talk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with fet speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

SONG XCII.

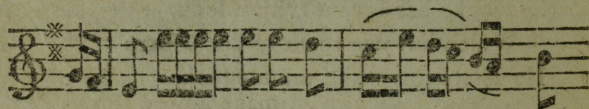
FROM THE EAST BREAKS THE MORN.



From the east breaks the morn, See the fun-



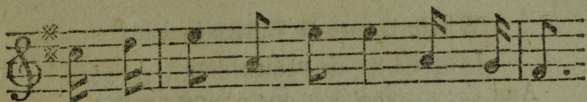
beams a-dorn The wild heath and the mountains



fo high --, The wild heath and the moun-



tains so high ---. Shrilly opes the staunch hounds



The steed neighs to the found, And the floods



and the vallies re - - - - - ply. And the floods



and the val - lies re - - - ply.

Our forefathers, so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
 Tho' in life's busy day
 Man of man make a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full fight,
 Gods! how great the delight!
 How our mutual sensations refine!

Where is care? Where is fear?
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys:
 Lo! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole:
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bow l.

SONG XCIII.

LET GAY ONES AND GREAT.

To the foregoing tune.

LET gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate;
 From pleasure to pleasure they run:
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the field I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light:
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

SONG XCIV.

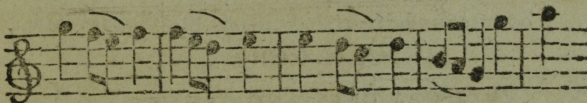
WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.



With an honest old friend and a merry old song,



And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long: And



laugh at the malice of those who repine, That they



must fwig porter, While I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay;
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away:
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise;
For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

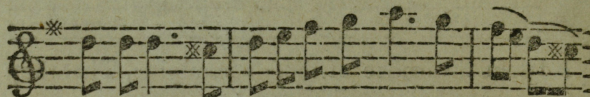
SONG XCV.
PLATO'S ADVICE.



Says Pla - to, why should man be vain? Since



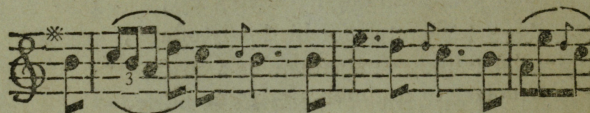
bounteous heaven has made him great: Why



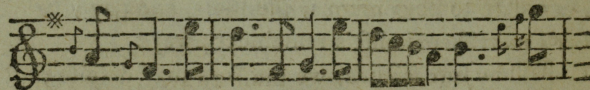
looketh he with insolent disdain On those un-



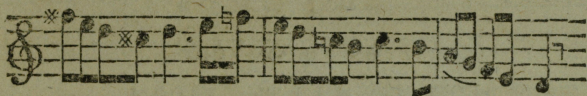
deck'd with wealth or state? Can splendid robes,



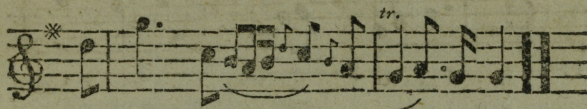
or beds of down, Or costly gems that deck



the fair; Can all the glo - - - - -



----- ries of a crown,



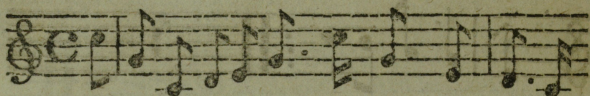
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty, die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore:
 The wealth and glory they possess'd,
 And all their honours, are no more.

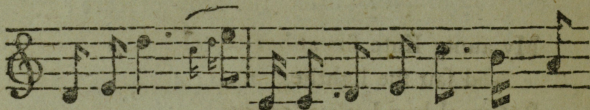
So glides the meteor thro' the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 But when its short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls!—
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
 When Jove us calls we must away.

SONG XCVI.

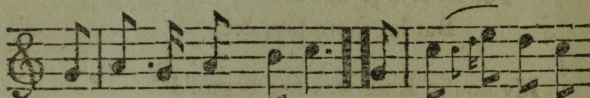
LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.



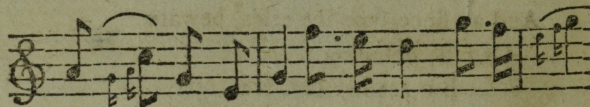
My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twin



wi' his gear; My minny she's a scolding wife,



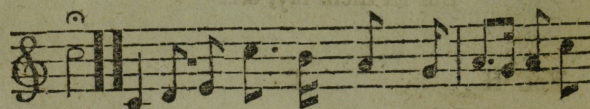
Hads a' the house a-steer: But let them say, or



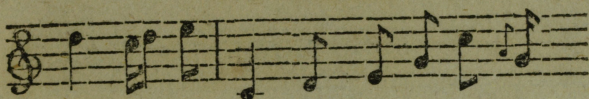
let them do, It's a' ane to me; For he's low



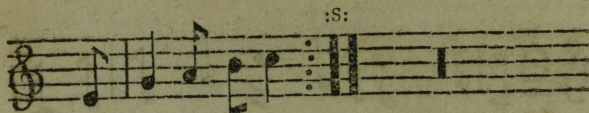
down, he's in the broom, That's waiting on



me. Waiting on me, my love, he's waiting on



me ; For he's low down, he's in the broom,



That's waiting on me.

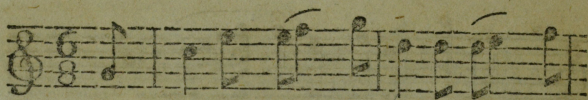
My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me ;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy ;
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnny i' the glen ;
 And ay since-syne she cries, beware
 Of false deluding men.
 But let her say, &c.

Glee'd Sandy he came west ae night,
 And speer'd when I saw Pate ;
 And ay since-syne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
 But let them say, &c.

SONG XCVII.

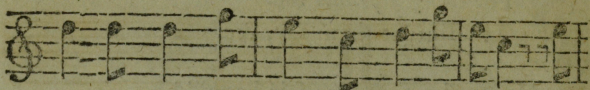
WILLY.



When fragrant bloom of yellow broom De-



lights our lads and lassies, O'er yellow broom in



beauty's bloom My Will all lads surpasses. Wi'



Willy, then, I'll o'er the braes, I'll o'er the braes



wi' Willy; Wi' Willy, then, I'll o'er the braes,



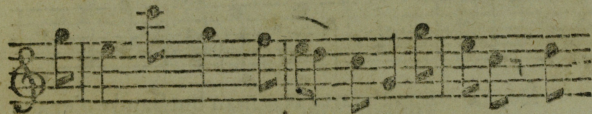
I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy. From morn to eve



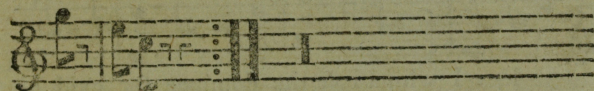
I'll sing the praise of buxom bonny Willy. Wil-



ly, Willy, Willy, Willy: From morn to eve



I'll sing the praise of buxom bonny Willy, Wil-



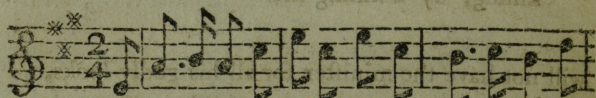
ly, Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay at noon-tide day,
 We'll pu' the daisy pretty;
 The live long day we'll kifs and play,
 Or sing some loving ditty.
 Wi' Willy then, &c.

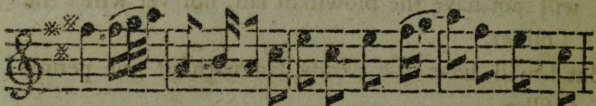
Now blithe and gay at setting day,
 My mither dinna hinder,
 I'll sing and play wi' Willy gay,
 For we twa ne'er shall sinder.
 Wi' Willy then, &c.

SONG XCVIII.

HE'S AY A KISSING ME.



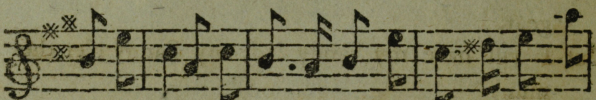
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the



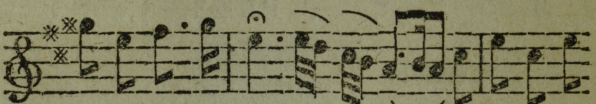
lee, I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the



lee: I winna ha'e the dominee for guid he



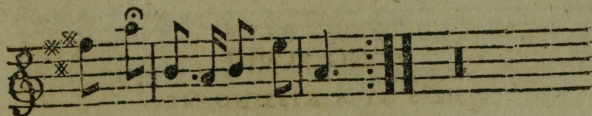
canna be, But I will hae my Sandy lad, my



Sandy o'er the lee. For he's ay a-kissing, kif-



sing, ay a-kissing me, He's ay a-kissing,



kissing, ay a-kissing me.

I will not have the minister for all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks;
 I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,
 But I will have my Sandy lad without one penny
 filler.

For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad for he gangs to the war,
 I will not have the sailor lad because he smells of tar.
 I will not have the lord nor laird for all their mickle
 gear,
 But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
 muir.

For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, &c.

SONG XCIX.

WHEN LATE I WANDER'D.



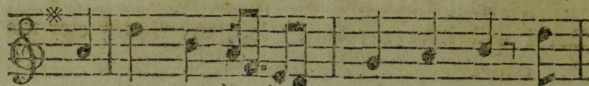
When late I wander'd o'er the plain, From



nymph to nymph I strove in vain, My wild desires



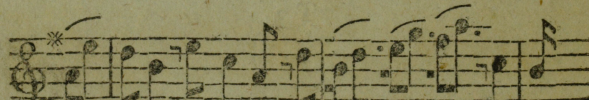
to rally, to rally, My wild desires to ral-ly :



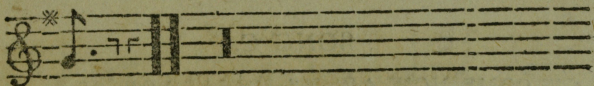
But now they're of themselves come home, And



strange ! no longer wish to roam, They centre all



in Sally, in Sally, they cen - tre all in Sal-



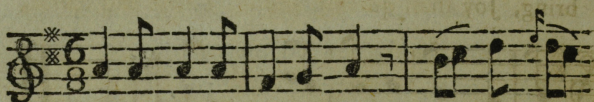
ly.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy,
 Can love with ruin tally?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I wou'd all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, Oh come, thou sweeter far
 Than violets and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley;
 Follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.

SONG C.

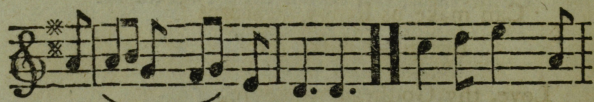
COME NOW ALL YE SOCIAL POW'RS.



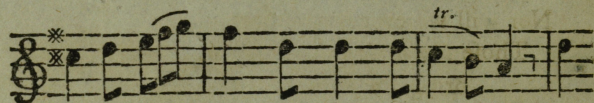
Come now all ye social pow'rs, Shed your in-



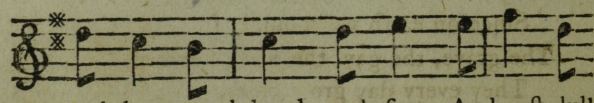
fluence o'er us, Crown with joy the present hours,



En-li-ven those before us. Bring the flask, the

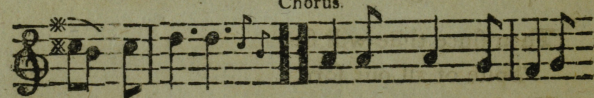


music bring, joy shall quickly find us, Drink

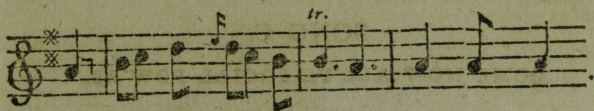


and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull

Chorus.



care behind us. Bring the flask, the music



bring, Joy shall quickly find us, Drink and dance,



and laugh and sing, and cast dull care behind us.

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,
 Brighten all our features ;
 What but friendship, love, and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures ?
 Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy Godhead we adore,
 Source of generous passion ;
 Nor will we ever bow before
 Those idols, wealth and fashion.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why should we be dull or fad,
 Since on earth we moulder ?
 The grave, the gay, the good, the bad,
 They every day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

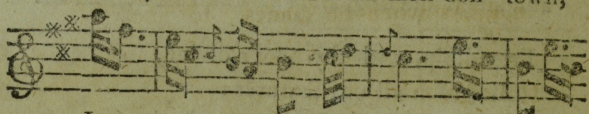
Then since time will steal away,
 'Spite of all our sorrow ;
 Heighten every joy to day,
 And never mind to morrow.
 Bring the flask, &c.

SONG CL.

MY COLIN LEAVES FAIR LONDON TOWN.



My Co-lin leaves fair Lon-don town,



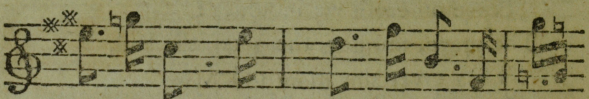
Its pomp, and pride, and noise ; With eager



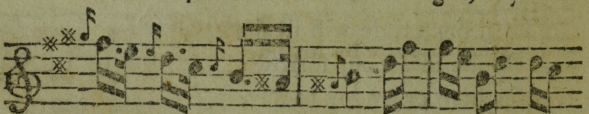
haste he hies him down To taste of ru -



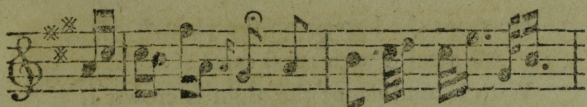
ral joys, To taste of ru - - - ral joys. Soon



as the blythsome swain's in fight, My heart



is mad with glee, I ne-ver know



such true delight As when he comes to



me, As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove,
 And range the meadows wide ;
 Nor yet less sweet the moon-light grove,
 All by the river's side :
 The gaudy seasons pass away,
 How swift when Colin's by !
 How quickly glides the flow'ry May !
 How fast the Summers fly !

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
 An humble crook he bears,
 He tends the flock like other swains,
 A shepherd quite appears.
 All in the verdant month of May,
 A rustic rake his pride,
 He helps to make the new mown hay
 With Moggy by his side.

'Gainst yellow Autumn's milder reign,
 His sickle he prepares,

He reaps the harvest on the plain,
All pleas'd with rural cares :
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny swains a score.

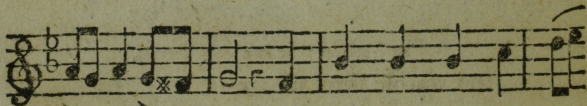
When winter's gloomy months prevail,
If Colin is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale
For me are meikle cheer.
The folks who choose in towns to dwell,
Are from my envy free,
For Moggy loves the plains too well,
And Colin's all to me.

SONG CII.

ASK IF YON DAMASK ROSE BE SWEET.



Ask if yon damask rose be sweet, That scents



the ambient air ; Then ask each shepherd that



you meet If dear Sufanna's fair, If dear, dear



Sufannah's fair, If dear Sufannah's fair. Ask



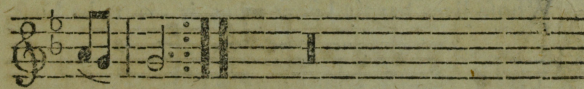
If yon damask rose be sweet, That scents the



ambient air, Then ask each shepherd that you



meet, If dear Sufannah's fair, If dear Sufan-



nah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,

And warble thro' the grove?

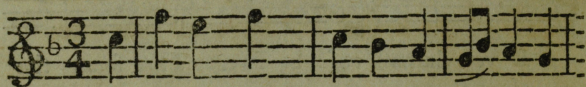
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,

Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

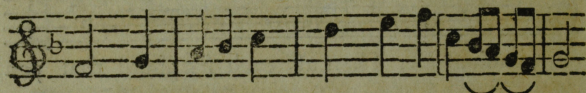
The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendour shine;
 Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Sufannah mine.

SONG CIII.

YE MORTALS WHOM FANCIES.



Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles per-



plex, Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex,



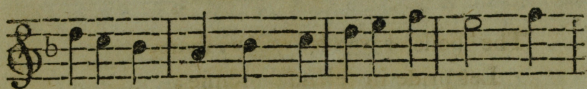
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,



Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest,



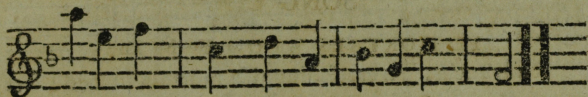
Obey the glad fummons, to Lethe repair, Drink



deep of the stream, and forget all your care, Drink



deep of the stream, and forget all your care, Drink



deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day:
 Obey then the summons to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream and forget all your care.

SONG CIV.

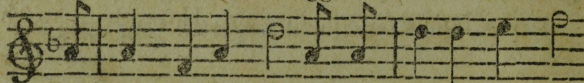
COME ROUSE FROM YOUR TRANCES.



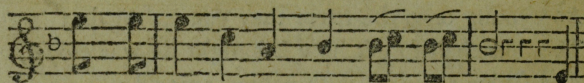
Come rouse from your trances, the fly morn



advances, To catch sluggish mortals in bed : Let



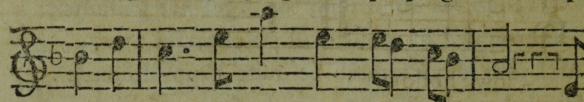
the horn's jocund note In the wind sweetly float,



While the fox from the brake lifts his head : Now



creeping, now peeping, Now peeping, now creep-



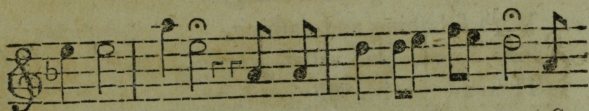
ing, The fox from the brake lifts his head. Each



away to his speed, Your goddess shall lead, Come



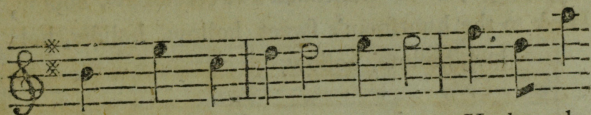
follow, my worshippers, follow, follow, follow,



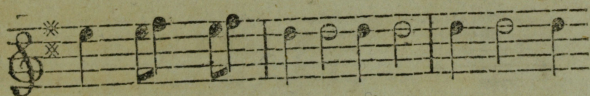
follow, follow. For the chase all prepare, See



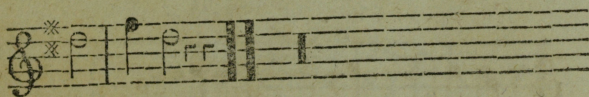
the hounds snuff the air, Hark, hark to the



huntfman's sweet hollow, hollow; Hark to the



huntfman's sweet hollow, hollow, hollow, hol-



low, hollow.

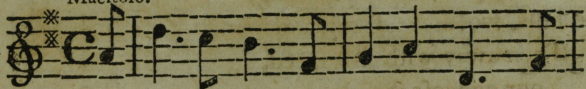
Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground :

Now they skim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound.
With splashing and dashing,
With splashing and dashing,
The hills, woods, and vallies resound.
Then away with full speed,
Your goddefs shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow, follow, fol-
low, follow, follow,
For the chace all prepare,
See the Hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow, hollow,
Hark to the huntsman's sweet hollow, hollow, hol-
low, hollow, hollow,

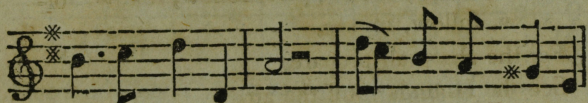
Mo
e
lov'd
god
souls
non
Orie

SONG CV.

OLD CARE BEGONE.

Maestoso.

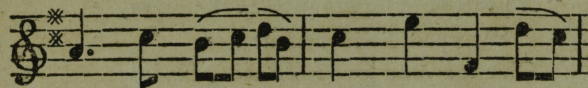
Old care begone, thou churlish guest, Who



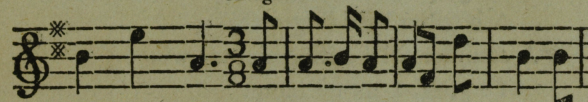
lov'st not flowing bowls! Thou art the miser's



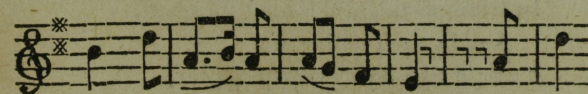
god a -- lone; Hence, hence, we've none but



souls, We've none but souls, Hence, hence, we've

Allegro.

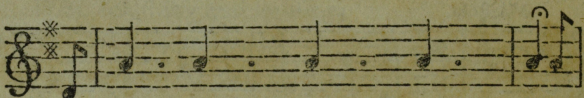
none but souls. Ana-cre-on bids thee quit the



shrine, nor dare approach his school: For wine



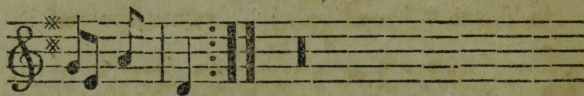
inspires the soul of man, Then who would drink



by ru ----- le. For



wine inspires the soul of man, Then who would



drink by rule ?

No turbid thoughts perplex the brain,
 We cynic rules decline ;
 Give me your joyous drinking blades,
 And cellars stor'd with wine.
 With grapes my temples wreath around,
 A hoghead striding o'er,
 A rummer fill'd with generous wine,
 Ye gods, I ask no more.

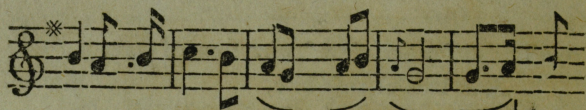
In triumph then, O ! how I'll quaff,
 Amidst each toping fon ;
 I wou'd like Bacchus' self appear,
 Astride the jolly tun.

Let learned pedants rave and rail,
Their maxims we despise;
If shunning wine is wisdom call'd,
Oh! let me ne'er be wise.

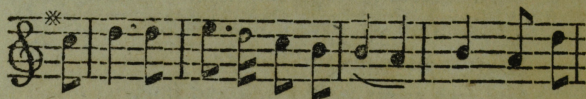
The diff'rence view 'twixt sons of care,
And lads of rosy hue,
Their sober joys are still the same,
Our drinking's ever new.
Let them go on, dream life away,
Great Bacchus we'll adore,
And free as air we'll drink and sing,
'Till time shall be no more.

SONG CVI.

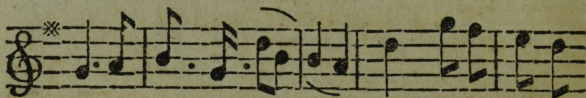
NEVER TILL NOW I KNEW LOVE'S SMART.



Never till now I knew love's smart, Guess who



it was that stole away my heart? 'Twas on-ly



you, if you'll believe me, 'Twas only you, if



you'll believe me.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.

Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy tho' a king,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
 For you alone I'd wish to stay,
 For you alone, if you'll believe me,
 For you alone, &c.

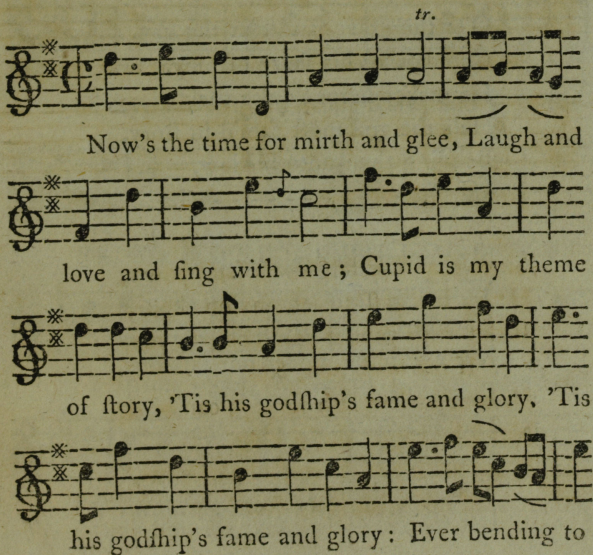
Grave on my tomb, where'er I'm laid,
 Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
 That's only you, if you'll believe me.

That's only you, &c.

SONG CVII.

A LAUGHING SONG.

tr.



Now's the time for mirth and glee, Laugh and
 love and sing with me; Cupid is my theme
 of story, 'Tis his godship's fame and glory, 'Tis
 his godship's fame and glory: Ever bending to



his law, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; Ever bend-



ing to his law, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,



ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play,
He makes heroes quite their glory,
He's the god most fam'd in story,
Bending then unto his law,
Ha, ha - - - - - ha

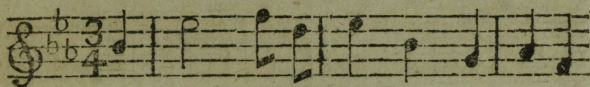
Sly the urchin deals in darts,
Without pity piercing hearts,
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes nor fashions,
Firmly fix'd is Cupids law.
Ha, ha - - - - - ha

You may doubt these things are true;
But they're facts 'twixt me and you,

Then young men and maids be wary,
 How ye meet before ye marry,
 Cupid's will is solely law.
 Ha ha- - - - - ha.

SONG CVIII.

COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMAN.



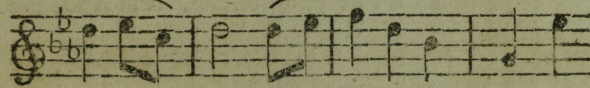
Come rouse, brother sportsman, The hunters



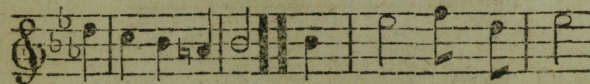
all cry, We've got a strong scent, and a fa-vor-



ing sky, We've got a strong scent, we've got



a strong scent, we've got a strong scent and



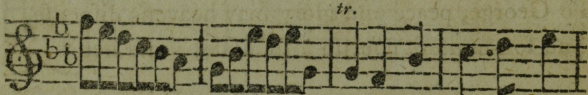
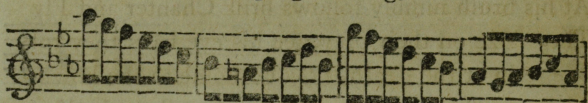
a favouring sky. The horns sprightly notes,



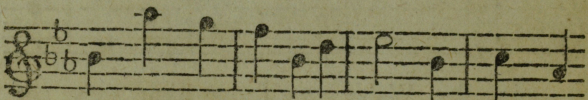
And the lark's early song, Will chide the dull



sportsman for sleeping so long, Will chi - - -



----- de, Will chide the dull



sportsman for sleeping so long, Will chide the



dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

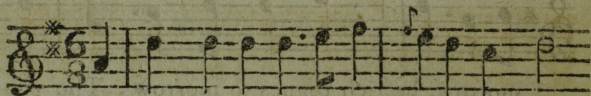
Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face.
Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace,

He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray:
Sweet Molly may teize you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown;
But tell her sweet love must to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the
chace.

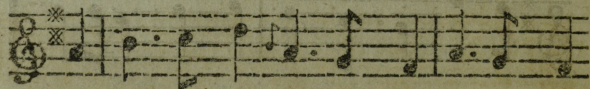
Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly:
They seize on their prey, see his eye balls they roll,
We're in at the death, now go home to the bowl.
There we'll fill up our glasses and toast to the king,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring,
To George, peace and glory may heavens dispense,
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

SONG CIX.

THE FRIENDS.



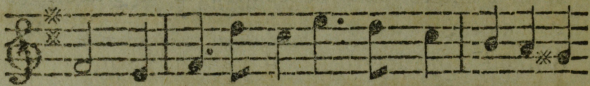
In wine there is all in this life we can name,



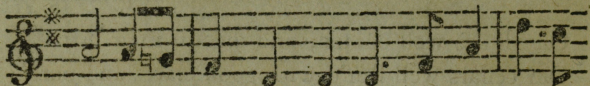
It strengthens our friendship and love lights the



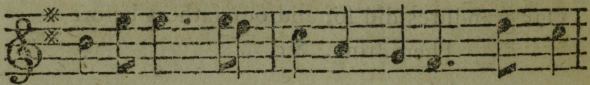
flame : Tho' life is but short, and at best but a



span, Let's live all our days, and may this be the



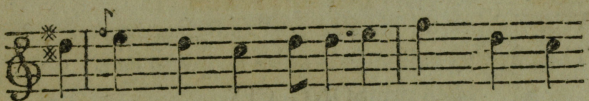
plan : To drink, my dear boys, and to drive a-



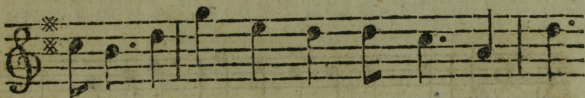
way forrow ; Let cash but hold out, and we'll



ne'er ask to borrow ; Tho' paupers to night, we'll



be rich rogues to-morrow, be rich rogues to-



morrow, be rich rogues to morrow ; Tho' pau-



pers to-night, we'll be rich rogues to-morrow.

In a neat country village ; yet not far from town,
A clean bed for a friend when'er he comes down,
With a choice pack of hounds us to wake in the
morn,

A hunter for each to fet off with the horn.

Then drink, &c.

Our dishes well chosen, and nice in their fort,
Our cellars well stor'd with good claret and port,
A bumper to hail, to hail the all glorious,
Our grandfires did fo, and our fathers before us.

Then drink, &c.

A jolly brisk chaplain that can well grace the table,
Who will drink like a man as long as he's able,

X 3

Who'll drink till his face port and claret makes red,
Then stagger enlighten'd quite happy to bed.

Then drink, &c.

May each man have a lass, that he wishes would prove
To his honour most true, and sincere to his love,
With beauty, with wit, to change never prone,
And the bandage good-nature to bind us their own.

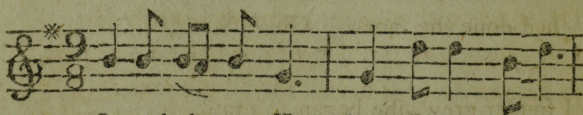
Then drink, &c.

And just as we've liv'd may we close the last scene,
Quite free from all trouble, quite free from all pain,
The young they may wonder, the old they may stare,
And lift up their hands, say what friendship was there?

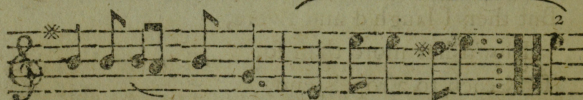
Then drink, &c.

SONG CX.

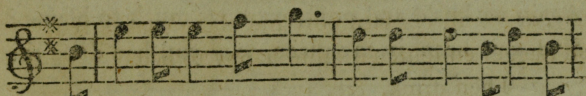
I MADE LOVE TO KATE.



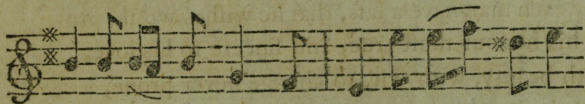
I made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,



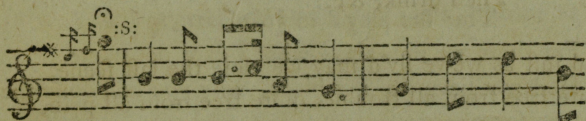
Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me. me.



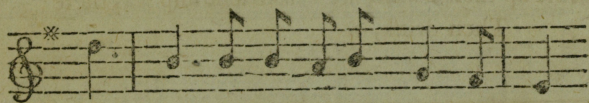
I met her on the green, in her best array, So



pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away :



Oh then we kiss'd and prest, were we much to



blame? Had you been in my place, why you



had done the same. Oh! same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
Quoth she, I'll marry you, and you will marry Kate.

But then I laugh'd and swore,

I lov'd her more than so,

Ty'd each to a rope's end,

Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kiss'd and prest, were we much to blame ?
Had you been in my place, why you had done the
same.

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick ;
Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick ;
Long we toy'd and play'd.

Under yonder oak,

Katy lost the game,

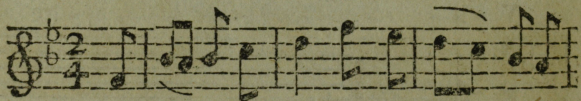
Tho' she play'd in Joke,

For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name,

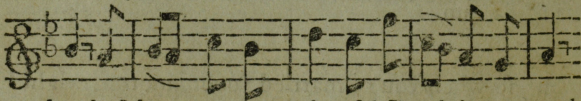
Had you been in my place, why you had done the
same.

SONG CXI.

AS SURE AS A GUN.



Says Colin to me, I've a thought in my



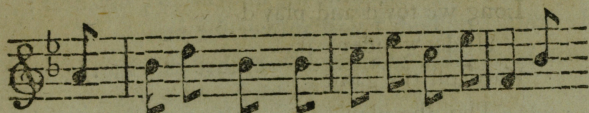
head, I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed,



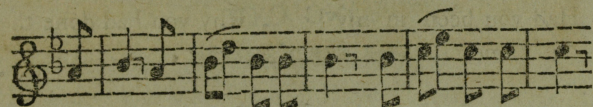
I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed : So



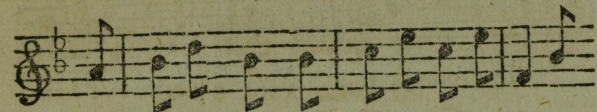
please you, quoth I, and whene'er it is done,



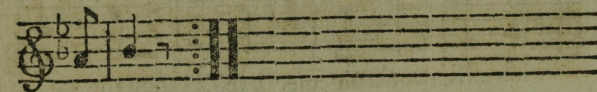
You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as sure as



a gun, As sure as a gun, As sure as a gun,



You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as sure as



a gun.

And so when you're married (poor amorous wight !)
 You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night ;
 But trust me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun—
 Instead of which you'll fight and scratch—as sure as
 a gun !

But shou'd she prove fond of her nown dearest love,
 And you be as souple, and soft as her glove ;

Yet be she a faint, and as chaste as a nun—
You're fasten'd to her apron-strings—as sure as a
gun!

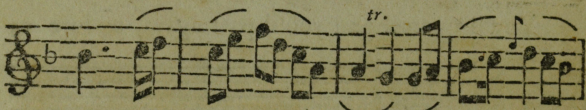
Suppose it was you, then, said he with a leer;
You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear:
In troth I replied, I will answer for none—
But do as other women do—as sure as a gun!

SONG CXII.

THE BIRD'S NEST.



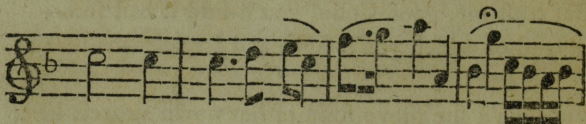
I've found out a gift for my fair, I've found



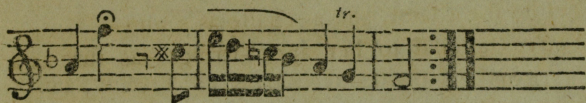
where the wood-pigeons breed, But let me that



plunder forbear, She'll say it's a bar - ba - rous



deed; But let me that plunder forbear, She'll



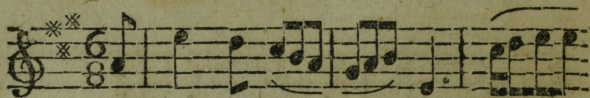
say its a bar---barous deed.

For he ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

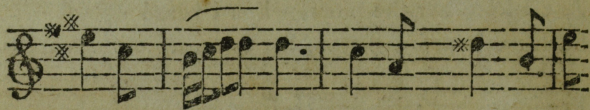
I've heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to a Dove :
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.

SONG CXIII.

NOW PHOEBUS SINKETH IN THE WEST.



Now Phoebus sinketh in the west, Welcome



song and welcome jest, Midnight shout and re-



velry, Tipsey dance and jollity, Midnight shout



and revelry, Tipsey dance and jollity. Now



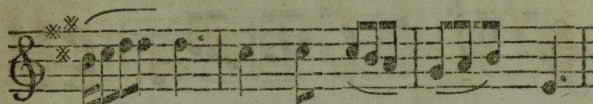
Phoebus sinketh in the west, Welcome song and



welcome jest, Midnight shout and revelry,



Tipfy dance and jollity. Braid your locks, with



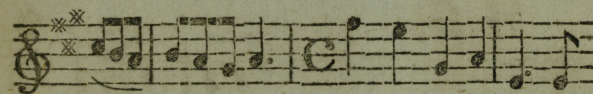
rosy twine, dropping odours, dropping wine,



Braid your lo - - - - - cks with ro-fy



twine, dropping odours, dropping wine, dropping



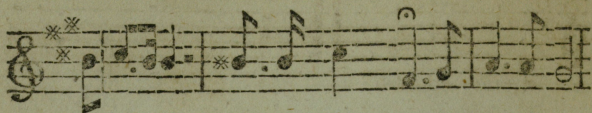
odours, dropping wine, dropping odours, dropping



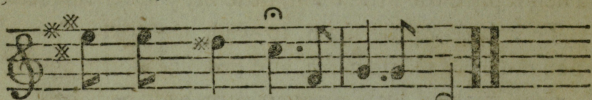
wine. Rigour now is gone to bed, And ad-



vice with scrup'lous head, Strict age and four



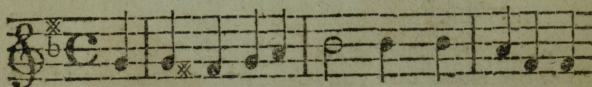
feveri-ty, With their grave saws in slumber ly,



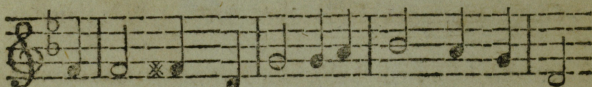
With their grave saws in slumber ly. *Da Capo.*

SONG CXIV.

THE LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE MAID.



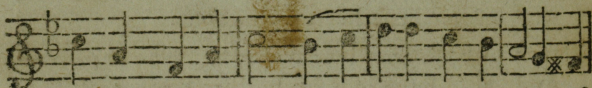
There was a little man, and he wo'ed a lit-



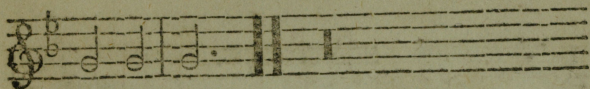
tle maid, And he said, little maid, will you wed,



wed, wed. I have little more to say, Than,



will you, ay or nay? For little said is soonest



mend - ed - ed.

Then reply'd the little maid, little fir, you've little said
To induce a little maid, to wed, wed, wed,
You must say a little more, and produce a little dow'r,
Ere I make a little print in your bed, bed, bed,

Then the little man replied, if you'll be my little bride
I'll raise my love a little higher;
Tho' I little love to prate, my little heart is great,
With the little god of love all on fire.

Then the little maid replied, should I be your little
bride,
Pray what shall we do for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're so rich in serve for fire in
the kitchen?

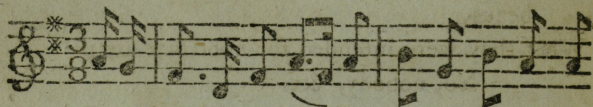
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?

Then the little man he sigh'd, some say a little cried,
For his little breast was big with sorrow;
I am your little slave, if the little that I have
Is too little, little dear, I will borrow.

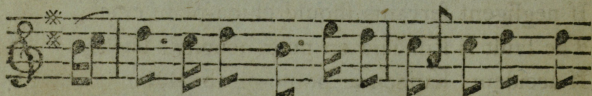
So the little man so gent, made the little maid relent,
And set her little heart a thinking,
Tho' his offers were but small, she took his little all,
And could have of a cat but her skin.

SONG CXV.

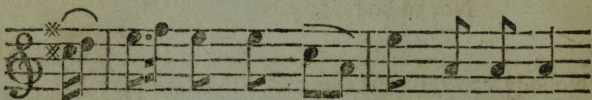
NOBODY.



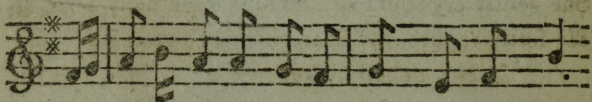
If to force me to sing it be your intention,



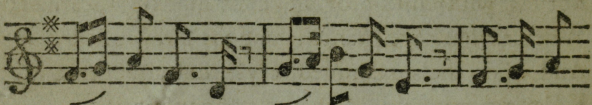
Some one I will hint at, yet nobody mention,



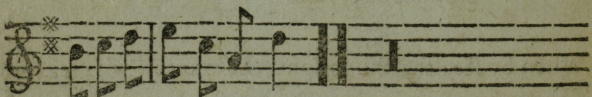
Nobody you'll cry, pshaw, that must be stuff



At singing I'm no-bo-dy, that's the first proof,



No, no-bo-dy, no, no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy,



nobody, no-bo-dy, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When something they ought to be asham'd of have
done ;

'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young
beaus,

What they were intended for nobody knows.

No, nobody, &c.

If negligent servants should china-plate crack,

The fault is still laid on poor nobody's back ;

If accidents happen at home or abroad,

When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd ?

No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,

When nobody's by, betwixt master and maid :

She gently crys out, fir, there'll some body hear us,

He softly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.

No, nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,

When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded ;

And when she's examined, crys, mortals, forbid it,

If I'm got with child, it was nobody aid it.

No, nobody, &c.

When by stealth, the gallant, the wanton wife leaves,
The husband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves ;

He rouses himself, and crys loudly who's there?
The wife pats his cheek, and says, nobody, dear.
No, nobody, &c.

Enough now of nobody fure has been fung,
Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd;
I hope for free speaking I may not be blam'd,
Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd,
No, nobody, &c.

FY G.



And



kiss, and



huffy,



ye din



young,



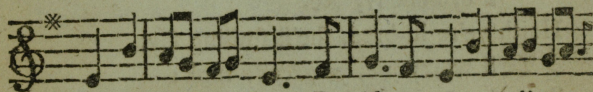
lay yo

SONG CXVI.

FY GAR RUB HER OE'R WI' STRAE.



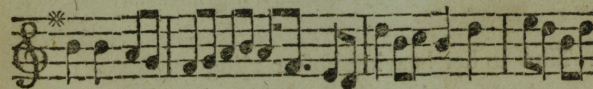
And gin ye meet a bonny lassie, Gie'er a



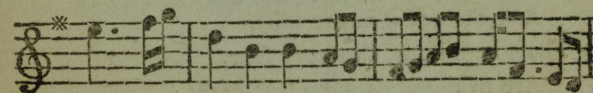
kiss, and let her gae; But if ye meet a dir - ty



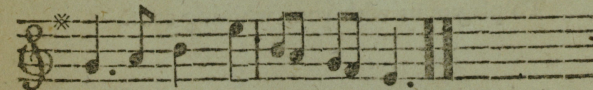
hussy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae. Be sure



ye dinna quit the grip Of ilka joy when ye are



young. Before auld age your vi - tals nip, And



lay you twafauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time;
Then lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in it's prime
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face
Nineteen na-fays are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling
And sweetly toolie for a kifs:
Upon her finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future blifs.
These bennifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant:
Then, furly carls, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

DEAR RO
And an
Seem unco
For won
But them
And wi
To a repul
Push ba
When mai
Say after
Ne'er min
But ten
If thete a
To an
Seek elfe
And let

SONG CXVII.

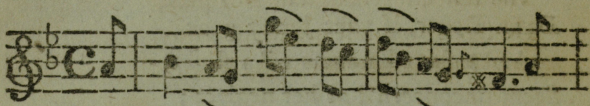
To the foregoing Tune.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck
And answer kindness wi' a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect ;
For women in a man delight ;
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And wi' a simple face give way :
To a repulse then be not blate ;
Push bauldly on and win the day.

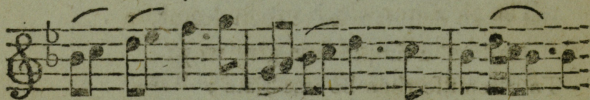
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een :
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a' your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when its too late.

SONG CXVIII.

AH WHY MUST WORDS.



Ah why must words my flame reveal? What



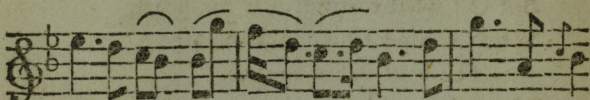
needs my Damon bid my tell What all my ac-



tions prove? What all my actions prove.



A blush whene'er I meet his eye, When-



e'er I hear his name A sigh betrays my fe-



ret love, - - - - be - - trays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve ;
The rest unheeded, dance or play,
He steals from all my praise away,
And can he doubt my love ?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
The pleasures which my soul possesses,
And all it's cares remove.
Still, still too short appears his stay,
I frame excuses for delay,
Can this be ought but love ?

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
How pleas'd am I with all he says,
And every word approve ;
Is he defam'd, tho' but in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas ! because I love.

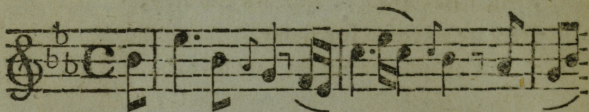
But O ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove.
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him I strive to hate in vain,
For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,

All these my passion prove :
 Words may deceive, may spring from art,
 But the true language of my heart
 To Damon must be love.

SONG CXIX.

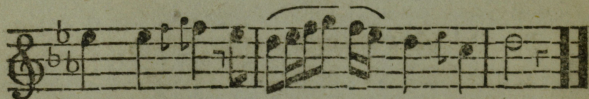
WINTER.



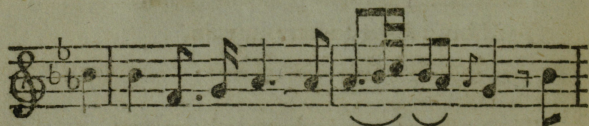
A-dieu, ye groves, adieu ye plains, All na-



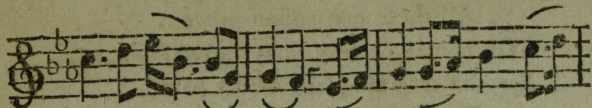
ture mourning lies. See gloomy clouds, and



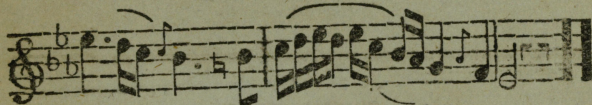
thick'ning rains Obscure the lab'ring skies.



See, see, from a-far, th'im pend-ing storm With



fullen hafte ap -- pear, See win-ter comes, A



drea - ry form, to rule --- the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,

Rejoice the gladden'd sight :

No more the gay enamell'd ground,

Or sylvan scenes delight.

Thus, lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid,

Thy early charms must fail ;

Thy rose must droop, the lilly fade,

And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of day,

May rise on active wings,

Again the sportive herds may play,

And hail reviving spring.

But youth, my fair, fees no return,

The pleasing bubble's o'er,

In vain it's fleeting joys you mourn,

They fall to bloom no more.

Haste, then, dear girl, the time improve,

Which art can ne'er regain,

In blissfull scenes of mutual love,

With some distinguish'd swain ;

So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
 Pass smiling and serene;
 Thus summer, autumn, glide away,
 And winter soon prevail.

SONG CXX.

BONNY JEAN.



Love's goddess in a myrtle grove, Said,



Cupid, bend thy bow with speed, Nor let thy



shaft at random rove, For Jenny's haughty



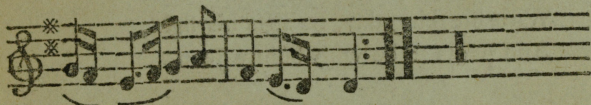
heart must bleed. The smiling boy with di-



vine art, From Paphos shot an ar - row keen,



Which flew un - erring to the heart, And kill'd



the pride of bon - ny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes show no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is fullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprizing charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;

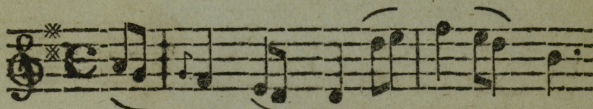
Z. 2.

The chearful hound and horn gives pain ;
If absent from his bonny Jean.

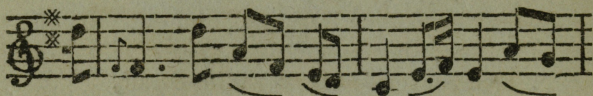
The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer short'ned seems ;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen.
With breaking day, he lifts his fight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

SONG CXXI.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD.



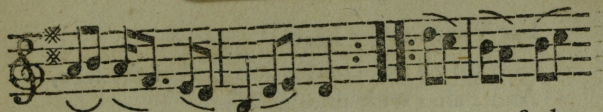
Why hangs that cloud u - pon thy brow ?



That beauteous heaven erewhile serene : Whence



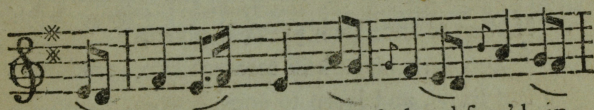
do these storms and tempests flow ? Or wha



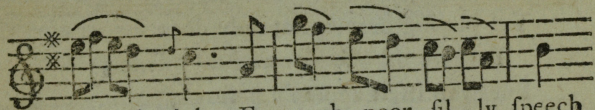
this gust of passion mean? And must then



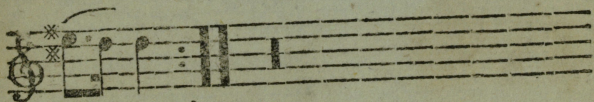
mankind lose that light, Which in thine eyes



was wont to shine? And ly obscur'd in



end-less night, For each poor fil - ly speech

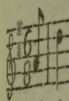


of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends;
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to it's aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensnare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
 And Pallas with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
 Who can the double pain endure !
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow, and Pallas shield ?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.



The du



ulbers in t



vial cry, T



huntman



his horn.



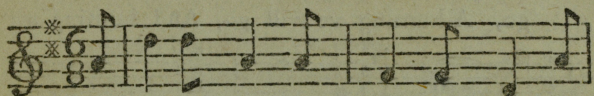
ing we w



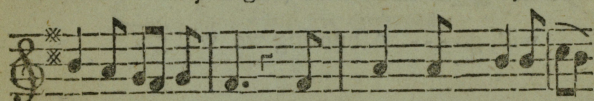
A hunt

SONG CXXII.

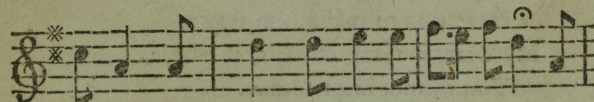
THE DUSKY NIGHT.



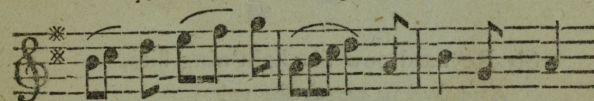
The dusky night rides down the sky, And



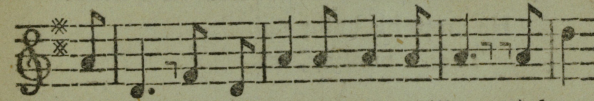
ushers in the morn; The hounds all join in jo-



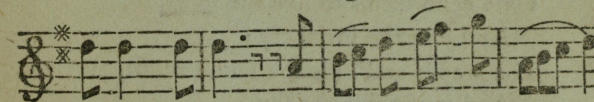
vial cry, The hounds all join in jovial cry, The



huntfman winds his horn, The huntfman winds



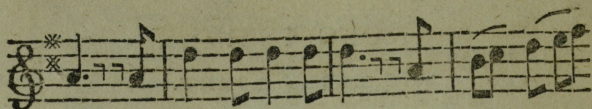
his horn. And a hunting we will go, A hunt-



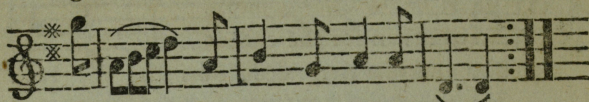
ing we will go, A hunting we will go ---



A hunting we will go. And a hunting we will



go, A hunting we will go, And hunting we



will go --- A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms to make him stay :

My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,

You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,

And sweeps across the vale ;

But when the hounds too near he spies,

He drops his bushy tail.

Then a hunting, &c.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,

And join the jovial cry ;

The woods and hills the sound retort,

And music fills the sky,

When a hunting, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,

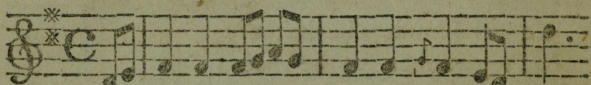
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;

Then hungry homeward we return
To feast away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

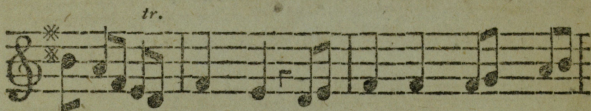
Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace,
When a hunting, &c.

SONG CXXIII.

THE BONNY SCOTMAN.



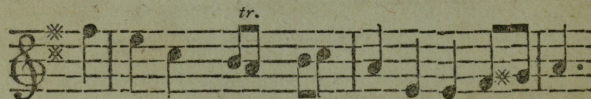
Ye gales that gently wave the sea, And please



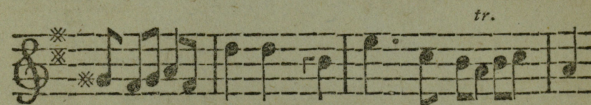
the canny boatman, Bear me frae hence, or



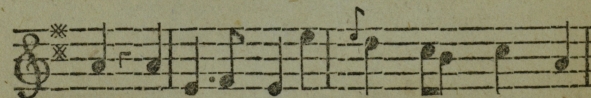
bring to me, My blyth, my bonny Scotman,



Bear me frae hence, or bring to me, My blyth



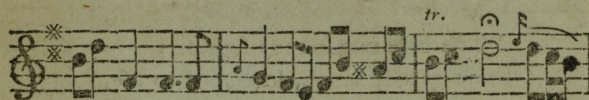
my bonny Scotman, my blyth my bonny Scot-



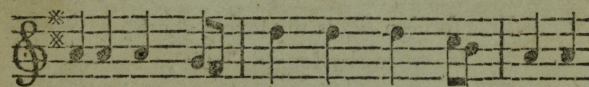
man. In holy bands we join'd our hands, Yet



may not that discover, While parents rate a



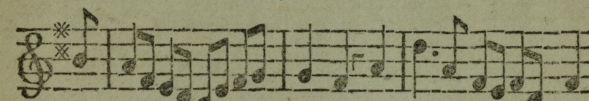
large estate before a faith-ful lo-ver. In



holy bands we join'd our hands, Yet may not



that discover, While parents rate a large estate



be-fore a faithful lo-ver, before a faithful lo-



ver, before a faith-ful lo-ver; While parents



rate a large estate be-fore a faithful lover.

But I wou'd chuse in Highland glens,
To herd the kid and goat man ;
E'er I cou'd for such little ends,
Refuse my bonny Scotman.
Wae worth the man who first began,
The base ungen'rous fashion ;
From greedy views, love's art to use,
Whilst stranger to it's passion.

Frae foreign fields my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie ;
Who pants to kiss thy balmy mouth,
And in her bosom prefs thee :
Love gives the word, then haste on board,
Fair wind and gentle boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er, from yonder shore.
My blyth my bonny Scotman.

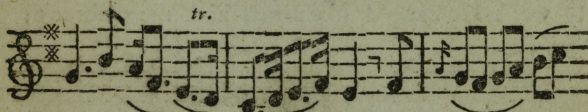


SONG CXXIV.

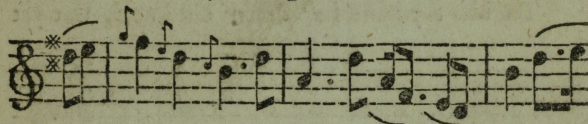
THE SPINNING WHEEL.



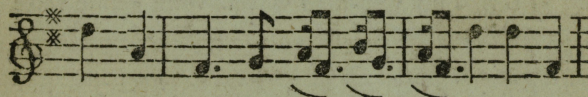
To ease his heart, and own his flame, Young



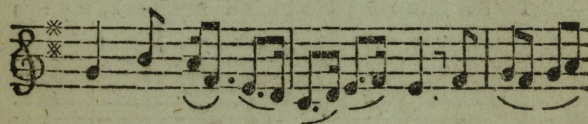
Jockey to my cottage came: But tho' I lik'd



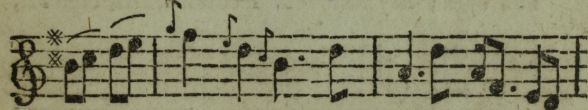
him passing well, I careless turn'd my spinning



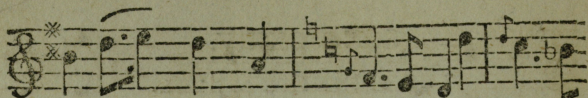
wheel. My milk-white hand he did extol, And



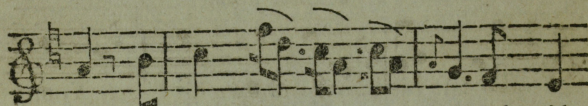
prais'd my fin - gers long and small, Un-us-ual



joy my heart did feel, But still I turn'd my



spinning wheel. Then round about my slender



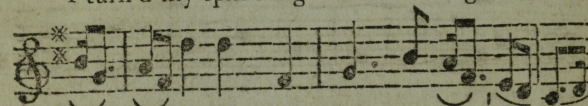
waist He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,



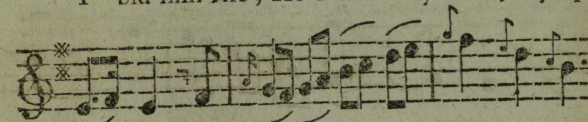
To kiss my hand he down did kneel, But yet



I turn'd my spin-ning wheel. With gentle voice



I bid him rise; He bless'd my neck, my lips



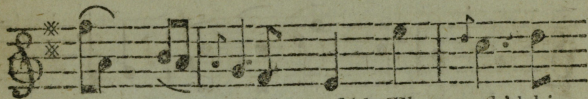
and eyes; My fondness I could scarce conceal,



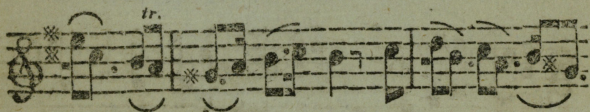
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel. Till



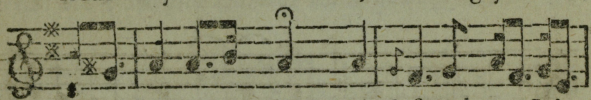
bolder grown, so close he prest, His wanton



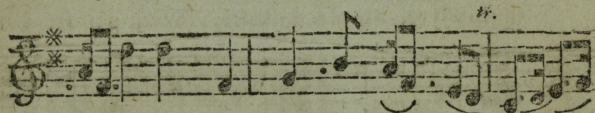
thoughts I quickly guess'd, Then push'd him



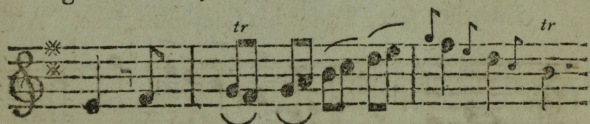
from my rock and reel, And angry turn'd



my spin--ning wheel. At last, when I be-



gan to chide, He swore he meant me for his



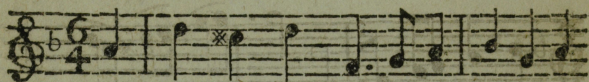
bride: 'Twas then my love I did re--veal,



And flung a-way my spinning wheel.

SONG CXXV.

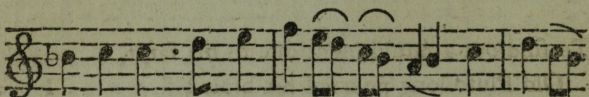
THE POWER OF MUSIC.



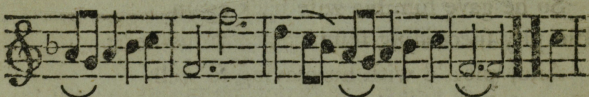
When Orpheus went down to the regions be-



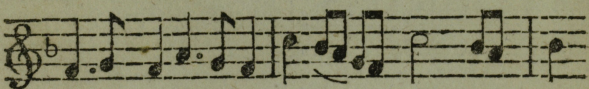
low, Which men are forbidden to see; He tun'd



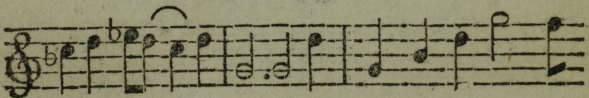
up his lyre, as old histo-ries shew, To set his



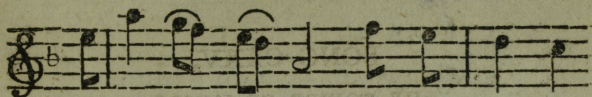
Eurydice free, To set his Eury-dice free. All



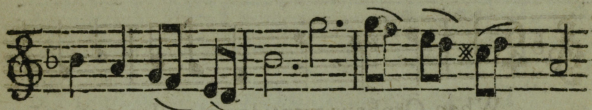
hell was astonish'd a person so wise Should rash-



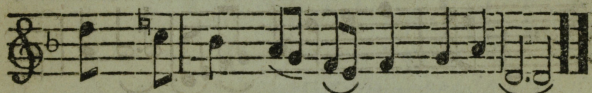
ly endanger his life, And venture so far; But



how vast their surprise! When they heard that



he came for his wife! How vast their surprise!



When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,

Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;

But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought;

So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart;

And, pleas'd with his playing so well,

He took her again in reward of his art;

Such merit had music in hell!

SONG CXXVI.

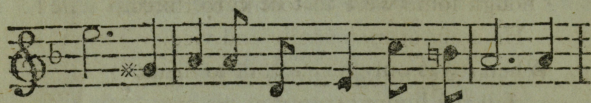
DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.



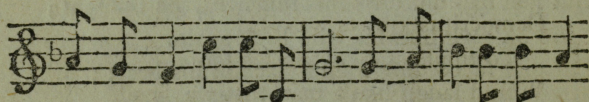
Di-o-ge-nes furly and proud, Who snarl'd at



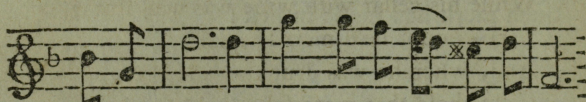
the Macedon youth, Delighted in wine that was



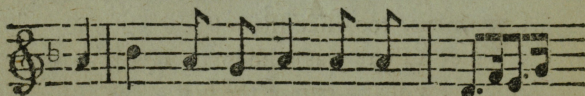
good, Because in good wine there is truth; But



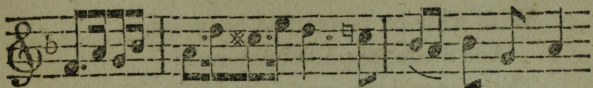
growing as poor as a Job, And un-a-ble to pur-



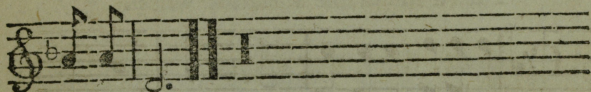
chase a flask, He chose for his mansion a tub,



And liv'd by the scent of his ca - - - - -



----- sk, And liv'd by the scent



of his cask.

Heraclitus would never deny

A bumper to cherish his heart ;

And, when he was maudlin, would cry ;

Because he had empty'd his quart :

Though some were so foolish to think

He wept at men's folly and vice,

When 'twas only his custom to drink

'Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad

To tittle and cherish his soul ;

Would laugh like a man that was mad,

When over a jolly full bowl :

While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,

His liquor he'd merrily quaff ;

And, when he was drunk as a lord,

At those that were sober he'd laugh,

Copernicus, too, like the rest,

Believ'd there was wisdom in wine :

And knew that a cup of the best

Made reason the brighter to shine :

With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel :
 Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

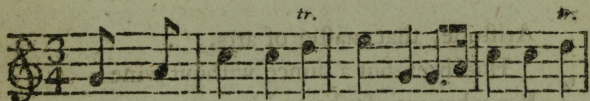
Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine ;
 For what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine ;
 His belly, some authors agree,
 Was as big as a watering-trough :
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was
 Before he had liquor'd his beard ;
 For things running round in his drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the sceptic to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 Who wisely to virtue was prone ;
 But, had it not been for good wine,
 His merit had never been known :
 By wine we are generous made ;
 It furnishes fancy with wings ;
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG CXXVII.

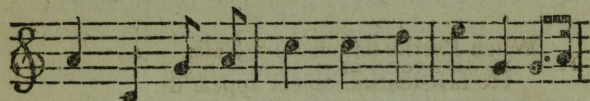
M'GREGOR ARUARO.



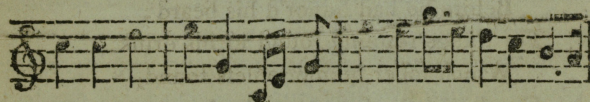
From the chace in the mountain as I was re-



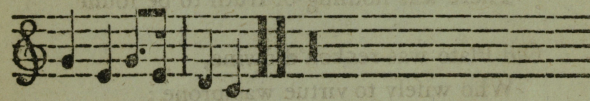
turning, By the side of a fountain Malrina fat



mourning ; To the winds that loud whistl'd the



told her sad story ; And the vallies re-echoed Mac-



Gregor A - ruaro.

Like a flash of red light'ning o'er the heath came
Macara.

More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn-lara.

Oh where is M'Gregor? say, where does he hover?
 You son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?

Then the voice of soft sorrow, from his bosom thus
 founded,

Low lies your M'Gregor, pale, mangl'd and wounded,
 Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd
 him, (tray'd him.

Where the sons of black malice to his foes have be-

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh
 blossom,

So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;
 M'Gregor! M'Gregor! loud echoes resounded;
 And the hills rung in pity, M'Gregor is wounded!

Near the brook in the valley the green turf did hide
 her; (her i

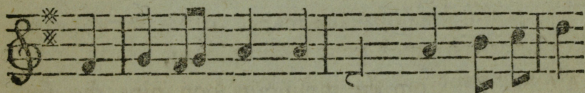
And they laid down M'Gregor sound sleeping beside
 Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;
 Near the loud roaring waters their spirits oft wander.

SONG CXXVIII.

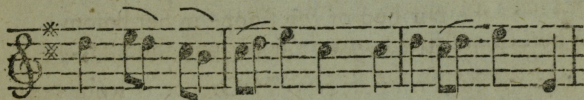
THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.



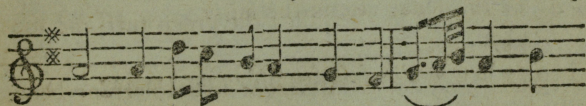
Life's like a ship, in constant motion, some-



times high and sometimes low ; where ev'ry one



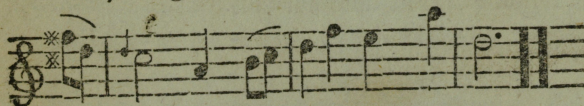
must brave the ocean, What-so-e-ver wind may



blow : If, unassail'd by squall or snow - er. Waft-



ed by the gentle gales ; Let's not lose the fav'-



ring hour, While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear ;
But let us all our Patience muster,
And learn, by Reason, how to steer :
Let Judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails ;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready,
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under way ;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray :
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
Let good Discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay ;
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care, awhile, enslumber'd lay :
Or, when each cann, with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails ;
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink " success unto our sails."

Recit.

While

Like him

While the

Harmonio

banish life

the juice o

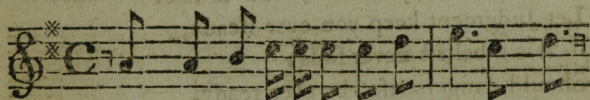
the juice

Vol. II.

SONG CXXIX.

THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.

Recit.



While here Anacreon's chosen sons combine,



Like him to taste the joys of mirth and wine ;



While the full bowl is with the goblet crown'd,



Harmonic let the joyful song resound : To



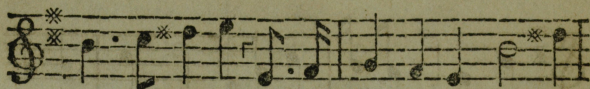
banish life's troubles the Grecian old sage Prefs'd



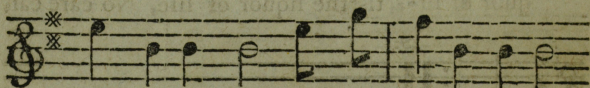
the juice of the vintage oft into the bowl, Prefs'd



the juice of the vintage oft into the bowl : It



made him forget all the cares of old age, It



bloom'd in his face, and made happy his soul,



It bloom'd in his face and made happy his soul,

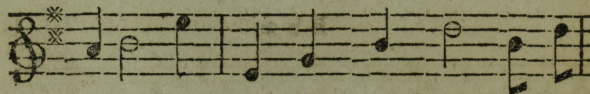


It bloom'd in his face and made hap-py his soul.

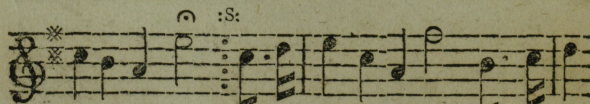
Quick.



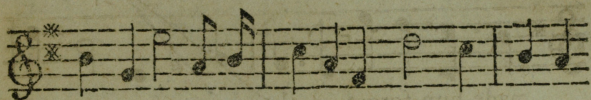
While here, then, we're found, push the bottle



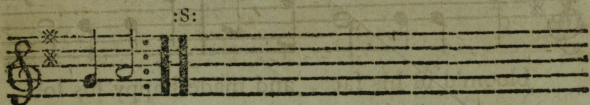
around, While here, then, we're found, push the



bottle around, 'Tis the liquor of life, 'Tis the li-



quor of life, 'tis the liquor of life, No care can



controul.

This jovial philosopher taught that the fun
 Was thirsty, and oft took a swig from the main;
 The planets would tipple as fast as they run;
 The earth, too, was dry, and would suck up the rain,
 While here then we're found,
 Push the bottle around,—
 'Tis the liquor of life, pray who can refrain?

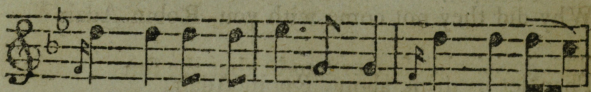
B b 2

SONG CXXX.

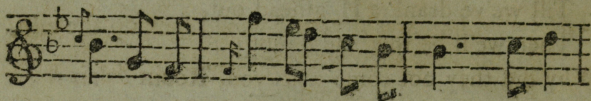
ROBIN ADAIR.



You're welcome to Pax-ton, Robin Adair:



How does Johnny Mackrill do? Aye, and Luke



Gard'ner too? Why did they no come with you?



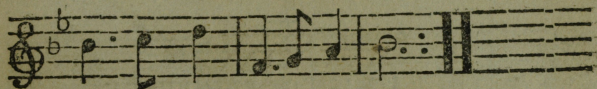
Robin Adair? Come, and sit down by me,



Robin Adair; And welcome you shall be To



every thing that you see: Why did they not



come with you, Robin Adair ?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair ;

Rum-punch, aye, or brandy to,

By my foul I'll get drunk with you ;

Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair ?

Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,

Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,

Till we've drank a Hogthead out,

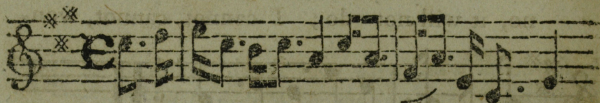
Then we'll be fow nae doubt ;

Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair ?

B b 2

SONG CXXXI.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH:



'Twas with - in a mile of Edinburgh town,



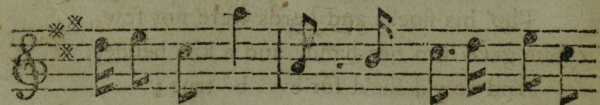
In the ro - fy time of the year, sweet.



flow - ers bloom'd, and the grafs was down,



And each shepherd, woo'd his dear : Bonny Jock,



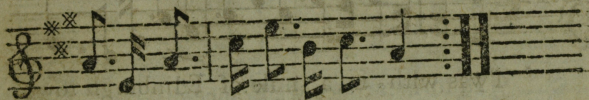
ey, blyth and gay, Kifs'd sweet Jenny making



hay : The lassie bluth'd, and frowning cry'd, No,



no, it will not do; I cannot, cannot, won-



not, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,

Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,

Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,

And merrily turn'd up the grass:

Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,

Won her heart right merily,

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd, no, no, it
will not do,

I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,

Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,

She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,

And vow'd she'd for ever be true;

Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,

Won her heart right merrily,

At church she no more frowning cry'd, no, no, it
will not do,

I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too.

SONG XXXII.

IN FORMER TIMES WE FRANCE DID ROUT,



In former times we France did rout, 'Cause



then our princes drank old stout; But now, even



men of low degree, Drink what those drank whom



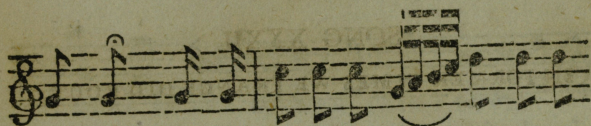
we made flee. I'll bet my best mi-li-tia gun, Who



drinks like them, like them will run: For fure no



knight was ever born Compar'd to Sir John Bar-



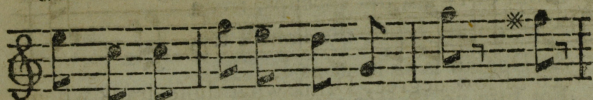
ley-corn. With a hey gee, wo gee, up gee wo,



And a ringle gingle, ringle gingle, gingle, gin-



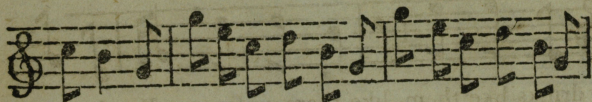
gle, creaking, breaking, dashing, splashing, creak-



ing, breaking, dashing, splashing, whack, whack,



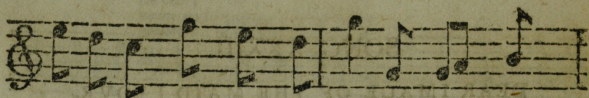
whack: Then while that the team goes flow thro'



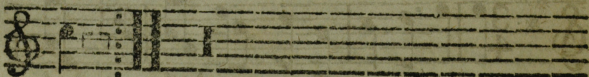
the vale, So merri-ly, merri-ly, merrily, merri-ly,



merri-ly let us wet a lip, For Joan she loves a



smack of the whip, and the smack of nut-brown

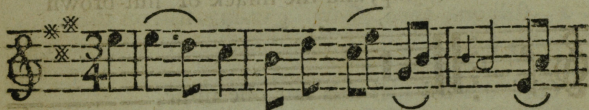


ale.

I ne'er want bolus, draught, or pill,
 For 'tis outlandish liquors kill ;
 I keep to ale, and ale keeps me
 From ev'ry ail, but hiccups, free ;
 Nay, on my beast, the same I try,
 So Dobbin is as stout as I,
 For sure no Doctor e'er was born,
 Compar'd to Sir John Barley-corn.
 With a hey gee wo, & c

SONG XXXIII.

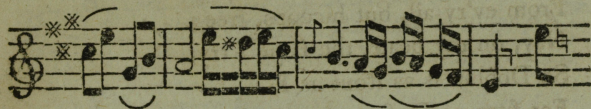
DEAR IMAGE OF THE MAID I LOVE.



Dear i- mage of the maid I love, Whose



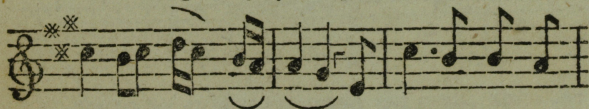
charms you bring to view ; In ab-sence some de-



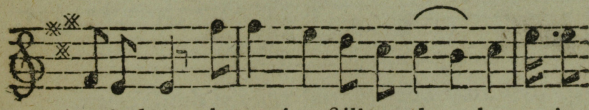
light I feel, By gazing still on you ; De-



barr'd her fight, by tyrant power, How wretched



wretched should I be, But that I chear each



lonely hour, by gazing still on thee, by gazing



still on thee, by gaz-ing still on thee.

Oh ! cou'd I call this fair one mine,
What rapture shou'd I feel ;
Oh ! cou'd I press that form divine,
Each hour my blest wou'd seal :

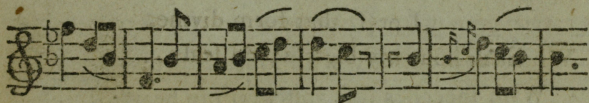
But ah ! deprived of all her charms,
My soul can find no rest :
And shou'd she blest another's arms,
Despair wou'd fill my breast.

SONG CXXXIV.

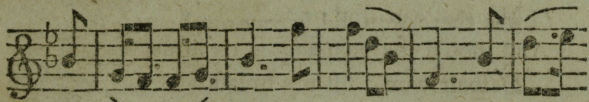
POOR SILLY FAN.



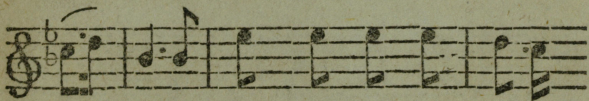
The fields were gay, and sweet the hay, Our



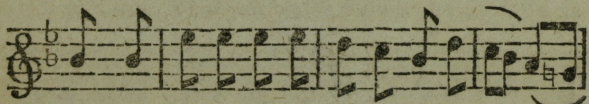
gypsies fat upon the grafs; Both lad and lass



by you were fed, 'Twas all to cheat poor fil-



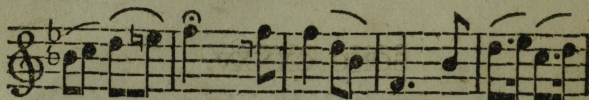
ly Fan. The fields were gay, and sweet the



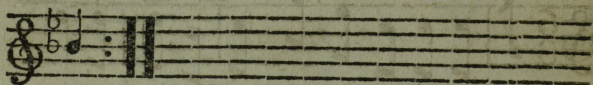
hay, Our gypsies fat upon the grafs, upon the



grafs: Both lad and lass by you were fed, by



you were fed, 'Twas all to cheat poor fil - - ly

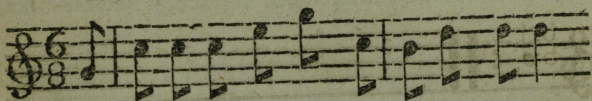


Fan.

Whene'er we meet, with kisses sweet;
 With speeches soft you won my heart;
 The hawthorn bush thou'd make you blush,
 'Twas there you did betray my heart.

SONG CXXXV.

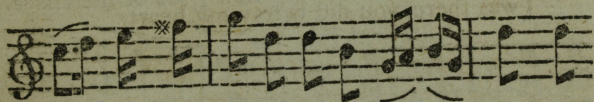
BATCHELORS HALL.



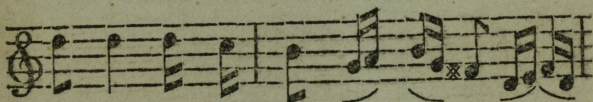
To Batchelors hall we good fellows invite,



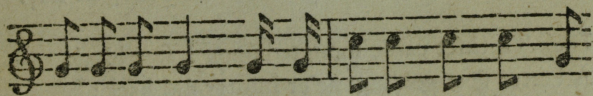
To partake of the chace, that makes up our de-



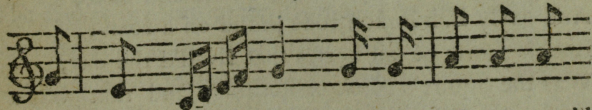
light: We have spirits like fire, and of health such



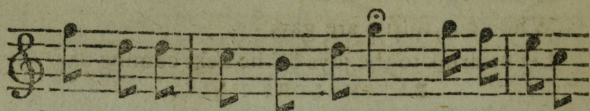
a stock, That our pulse strikes the seconds as



true as a clock: Did you see us you'd swear, as



we mount with a grace; Did you see us you'd



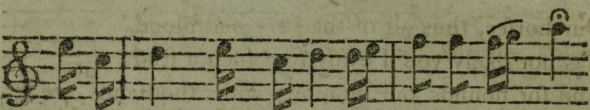
swear, As we mount with a grace, That Di-a-na



had dubb'd some new gods of the chace, That



Di-a-na had dubb'd some new gods of the chace.



Hark a - way, hark away, All nature looks gay,



And Aurora with smiles ush-ers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back:
 Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
 And gayly Bob Buxon rode proud on a roan;
 But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day,
 Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a
 grey.

Hark aw
 While ou
 Let us drin

Then for hound
 climbs ro

And Cocknote,

Little Plunge, lik

And beetle-brow

Young Sly-looks

the South

And musical Ech

Hark away,

Orbories, thos

Tis not likely

And for hounds

back,

That all Englat

Thus having d

away we fet of

Hark aw

Sy Reynard's l

a call,

And now you'r

The favory Sir-

And Bacchus p

Come on then,

And enjoy the

Hark aw

Hark away, hark away,
While our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

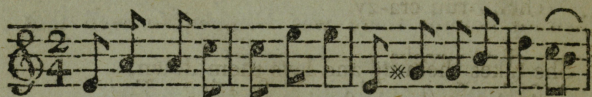
Then for hounds there was Nimble, so well that
climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a Fox,
Little Plunge, like a mole, who with ferret and search,
And beetle-browed Hawks-eye, so dead at a lurch:
Young Sly-looks, that scents the strong breeze from
the South,
And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses, thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;
And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'll
back, (pack;
That all England throughout can't produce such a
Thus having described you dogs, horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the Fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

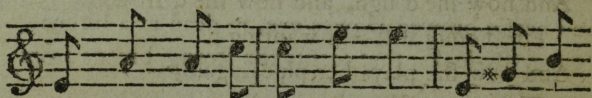
Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns sound
a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's hall
The favory Sir-loin grateful fmoaks on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place. (chace.
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the
Hark away, &c.

SONG CXXXVI.

COTCHELIN SAT ALL ALONE.



Crotchelin sat all alone, Not a soul beside her,



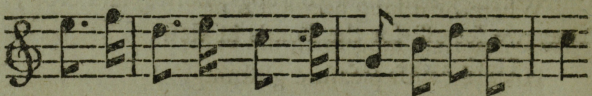
While from Teddy, who was gone, Oceans did



divide her. His pipes which she'd been us'd to



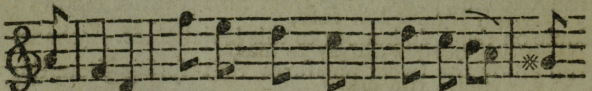
hear, Careless left behind him : She thought she'd



try her woes to cheer, Till once again she'd find



him. 'Twill not do, you loodle loo, Arrah, now



be ea-sy ! Ted was born with grief to make Cot-



chelin ru

She takes the

And now

And now she

For Teddy

And now the

The pipes

And makes the

Arrah, be

Ah ! 'twill no

Arrah ! no

Ted was born

Crotchelin

Teddy from

Where he

Now like lig

His eyes

Snatching

Pouring o

Whist half

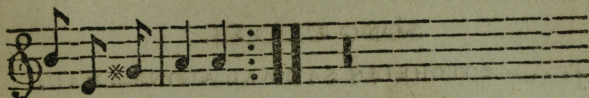
Kate the

Ah that wi

Arrah !

Ted was b

Crotchel



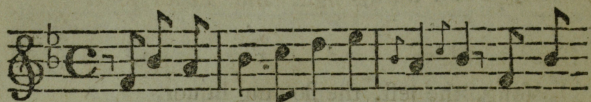
chelin run cra-zy.

She takes them up and lays them down,
 And now her bosom's panting ;
 And now she'd sigh, and now she'd frown,
 For Teddy still was wanting ;
 And now she plays her pipes again,
 The pipes of her dear Teddy,
 And makes them tune his fav'rite strain,
 Arrah, be easy Paddy !
 Ah ! 'twill not do you loodle loo,
 Arrah ! now be easy,
 Ted was born with grief to make,
 Cotchelin run crazy.

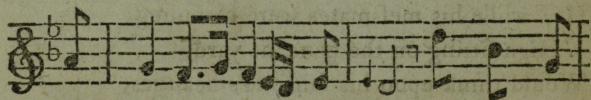
Teddy from behind a bush,
 Where he'd long been list'ning ;
 Now like light'ning forth did rush,
 His eyes with pleasure glistning,
 Snatching up the pipes he play'd,
 Pouring out his pleasure,
 Whilst half delighted, half afraid,
 Kate the time did measure,
 Ah that will do, my loodle loo,
 Arrah ! now I'm easy,
 Ted was born with joy to make
 Cotchelin run crazy.

SONG CXXXVII.

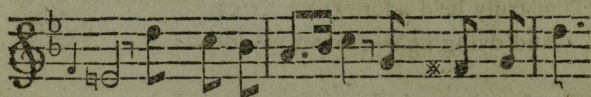
JAACK RATLIN WAS THE ABLEST SEAMAN.



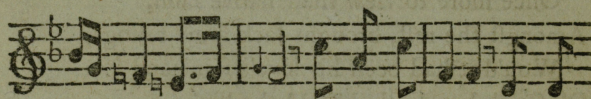
Jack Ratlin was the ablest seaman, None like



him could hand, reef, and steer: No dang'rous



toil but he'd encounter, With skill and in



contempt of fear. In fight a lion: the bat-



tle end-ed, Meek as the bleating lamb he'd



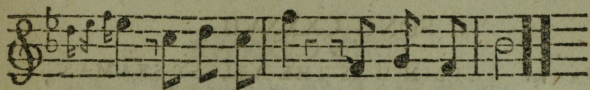
prove: Thus Jack had manners, courage, me-



rit,

The song, the
For none
He, while his
High sitting
Would think
Swore never
That truly he
And dying

The same ex
Once mor
Amongst the
Wou'd it
Oh fate! he
Instant his
With quiv'ri
He heav'd



rit, Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack regard :
 He, while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on the pendant yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swore never from such charms to rove ;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
 Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand !
 Oh fate ! her death defac'd the letter ;
 Instant his pulse forgot to move ;
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love :

SONG CXXXVIII.

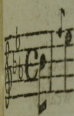
TUNE—" *Jack Ratlin was the ablest Seaman.*"

BEHOLD the man that is unlucky,
 Not thro' neglect, by fate worn poor ;
 Tho' gen'rous, kind when he was wealthy,
 His friends to him are friends no more !
 He finds in each the same like fellow,
 By trying those he had relieved ;
 Tho' men shake hands, drink health's, get mellow,
 Yet men by men are thus deceiv'd.

Where can he find a fellow creature
 To comfort him in his distress ?
 His old acquaintance proves a stranger,
 That us'd his friendship to profess.
 Altho' a tear drop from his feeling,
 His selfish heart cannot be mov'd ;
 Then what avails his goodly preaching,
 Since gen'rous deeds cannot be prov'd.

But so it is in life among us,
 And give mankind their justly due,
 'Tis hard to find one truly gen'rous,
 We all, at times, find this too true ;
 But if your friend he feels your sorrow,
 His tender heart's glad to relieve ;
 And when he thinks on you to-morrow,
 He's happy he had that to give.

ADIEU.



A-dieu,



calls me from



dier's wife,



What tho' b



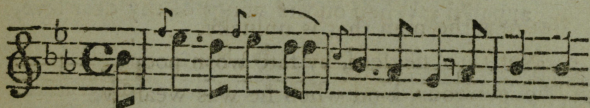
ding cannot



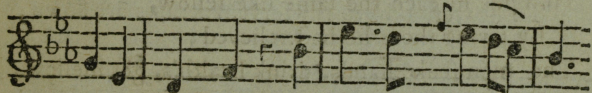
And appal

SONG CXXXIX.

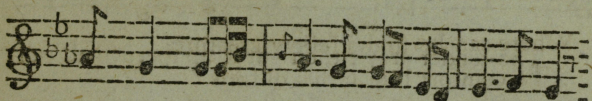
ADIEU, ADIEU, MY ONLY LIFE.



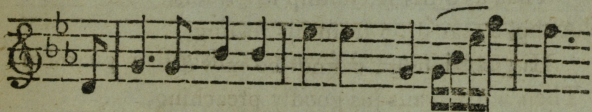
A-dieu, adieu, my on-ly life, My honour



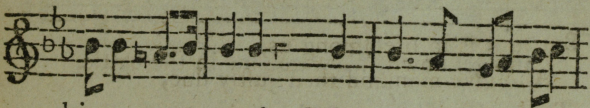
calls me from thee : Remember thou'rt a fol-



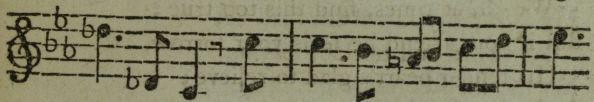
dier's wife, Those tears but ill be - come thee.



What tho' by du - ty I am call'd Where thun-



dring cannons rattle ; Where valour's self might



stand appall'd, Where valour's self might stand



appall'd ; When on the wings of thy dear love,



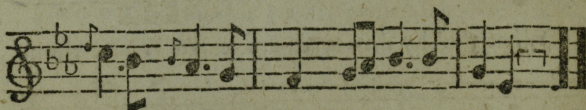
To heaven a-bove thy fervent orisons are flown ;



The tender pray'r thou put'st up there Shall call



a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian



an - gel down, To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.

Let peril
 Let th
 I fearless fe
 Afford
 To

Enough,
 Some kin
 Who saw th
 Who won
 I go, affor'd
 Tho' thund
 Tho' murd'r
 When on t
 To he

Vol. H.

Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough,—with that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee :
 I go, assur'd,—my life ! adieu,
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above, &c.

VOL. II.

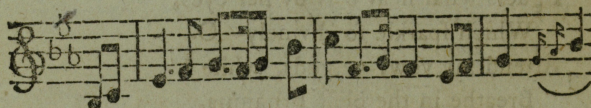
B d

SONG CXL.

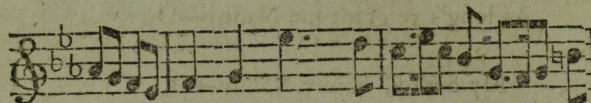
MY NANNY, O.



While some for pleasure pawn their health,



'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio, I'll save my-



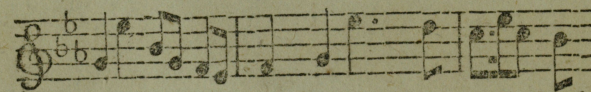
self, and without stealth, Bless and ca - res my



An - ny, O. She bids more fair t'engage a



Jove, Than Le - da did, or Da - nae, O: Were



I to paint the Queen of Love, None else should



fit but Nan - - ny, O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,

When dancing she moves finely—O,

I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,

Which sparkle so divinely—O.

Attend my vow, ye gods, while I

Breathe in the blest Britannia,

None's happiness I shall envy,

As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,

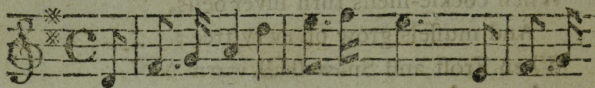
My lovely charming Nanny—O;

I care not tho' the whole world know

How dearly I love Nanny—O.

SONG CXLI.

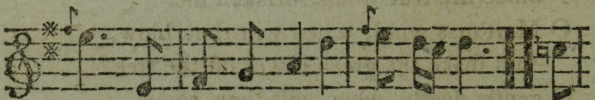
WALY, WALY.



O waly, waly up yon bank, And waly,



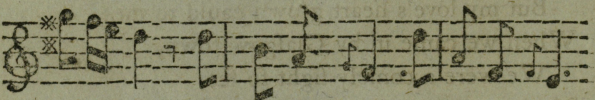
waly, down yon brae, And waly by yon river



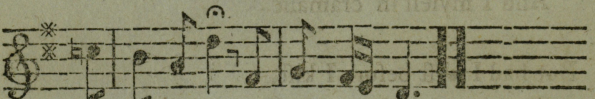
fide, Where I and my love wont to gae. O



waly, waly, love is bonny A little while when



it is new, But when its auld, It waxes cauld,



And wears awa' like morning dew.

I lent my back unto an aik,

I thought it was a trusty tree :

But first it bow'd and then it brake,

And fae did my fause love to me.

When cockle-shells turn silver bells,

And mussels grow on ev'ry tree ;

When Frost and Snaw shall warm us a',

Then shall my love prove true to me.

Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,

The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me ;

St. Anton's well shall be my drink,

Since my true love's forsaken me.

O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,

And shake the green leaves off the tree ?

O gentle death, when wilt thou come,

And take a life that wearies me ?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,

Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;

'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,

But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,

We were a comely fight to see,

My love was cled in velvet black,

And I myfell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,

That love had been fae ill to win ;

I'd lock'd my heart in case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh ! Oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysel' were dead and gane,
 For maid again I'll never be !

SONG CXLII.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.



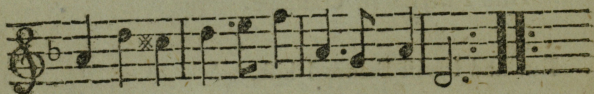
Here a - wa, there awa, here awa, Willie,



Here awa, there awa, here awa hame. Lang



have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee,



Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
 Through the lang muir I have followed him hame :
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

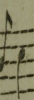
Here awa, there awa, here awa Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame ;
 Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willy's at hame.]



Willie,



Lang



ht thee,

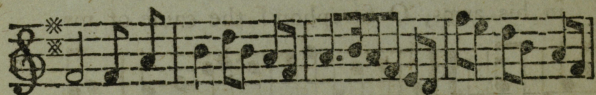


SONG CXLIII.

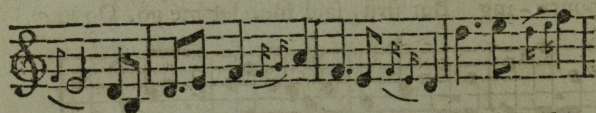
LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.



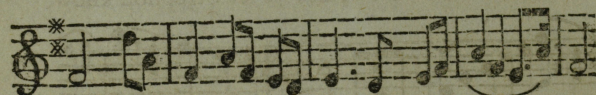
By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes



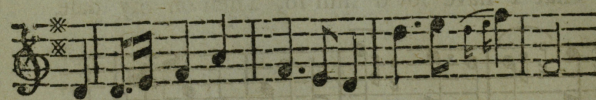
lay, Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft heard her



say, Tell Strephon I die, if he pas-ses this



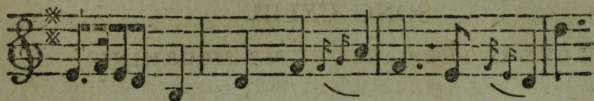
way, And love is the cause of my mourn-ing.



False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,



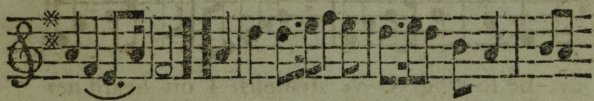
Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart ne-ver



warms : Yet bring me this Strephon, I'll die



in his arms, O Strephon! the cause of my



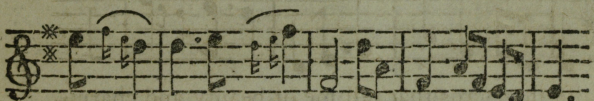
mourn - ing But first, said she, let me go, Down



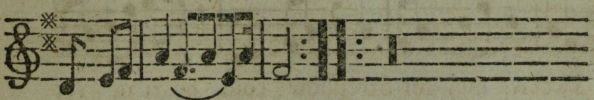
to the shades below, Ere ye let Strephon know.



That I have lov'd him so, Then on my pale



cheeks no blushes will shew That love is the cause



of my mourn - - ing.

Her eyes were scarce clos'd when Strephon came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,

Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning!

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs use your art.
 They sighing reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherds' heart,
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah! then is Chloris dead!

Wounded by me! he said,

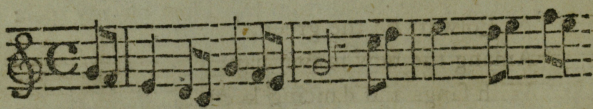
I'll follow thee, chaste maid,

Down to the silent shade!

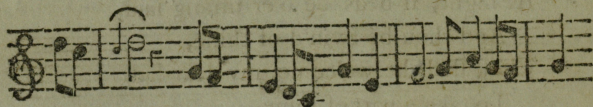
Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning!

SONG CXLIV.

AT POLWART ON THE GREEN.



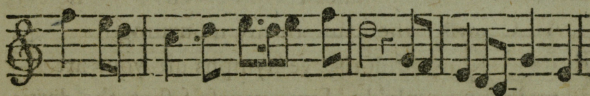
At Polwart on the green, If you'll meet me



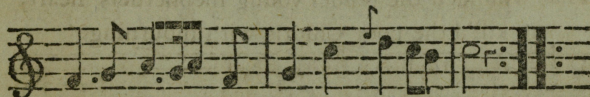
the morn, Where lasses do convene, To dance



about the thorn. A kindly welcome you shall



meet Frae her wha likes to view A lover and a



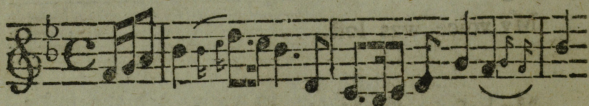
lad compleat, The lad and lo - ver you.

Let dorty dames fay na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze :
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen,
 We'll pafs the heartsome day :
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 'Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

SONG CXLV.

BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS IS HE.



Blest as th' immortal gods is he, The youth



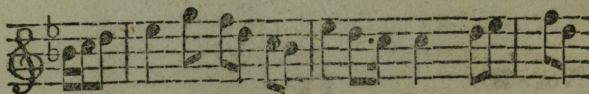
who fondly sits by thee, and hears and sees thee



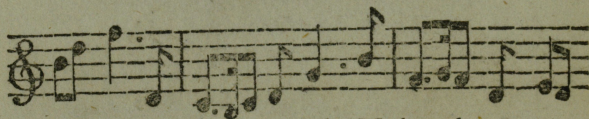
all the while, So soft - ly speak, and sweetly



smile. 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,



And rais'd such tumults in my breast ; For while



I gaz'd, in transport tost, My breath was gone



My voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame :
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away !

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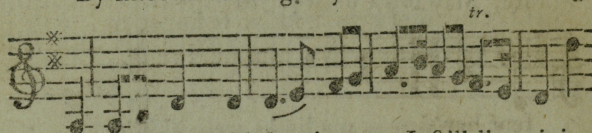
F f

SONG CXLVI.

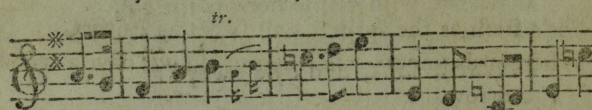
JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.



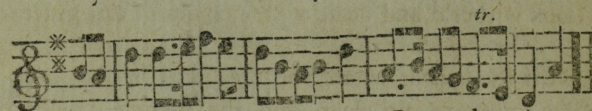
By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,



Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining



My fell thus a --- way, And darena dis-cover



To my bon - ny lass that I am her lover.



Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger,



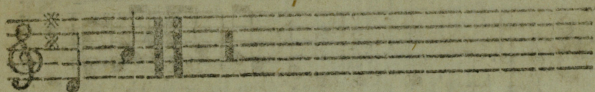
If she's not my bride, my days are nae longer?



Then I'll tak' a heart, and try at a ven-



ture, May be, e'er we part, my vows may con-



tent her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good
morrow :

The sward on the mead, ennamell'd with daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invite her,
The fountains run clear, and the flowers smell the
fweeter.

'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

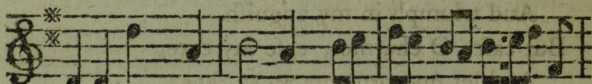
The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded ;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny Lassie.

SONG CXLVII.

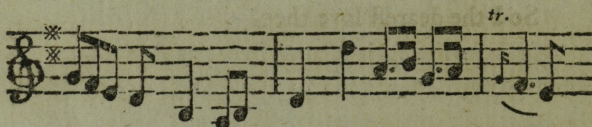
THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARD.



Look where my dear Hamilia smiles, Hami-



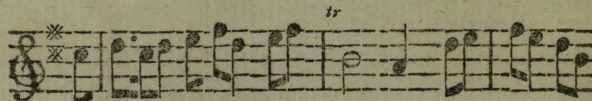
li-a heav'nly charmer; See how with all their



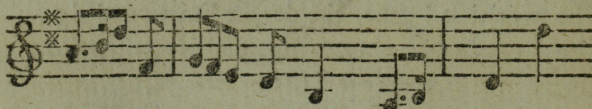
arts and wiles the loves and gra - ces arm



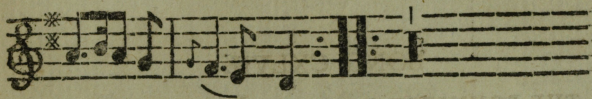
her. A blush dwells glowing on her cheek,



Fair feat of youthful pleasure, There love in



smil - ing language speaks, There spreads the



ro - - fy trea - fure.

O fairest maid, I own thy power,
 I gaze, I sigh, I languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

E c 3

SONG CXLVIII.

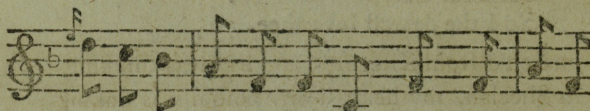
COPORAL CASEY.



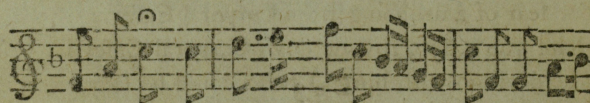
When I was at home, I was merry and frif-



ky, My dad kept a pig, and my mother fold



whisky : My uncle was rich, but would never



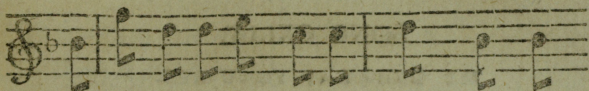
be ea - fy, Till I was inlistet by Corporal Ca-



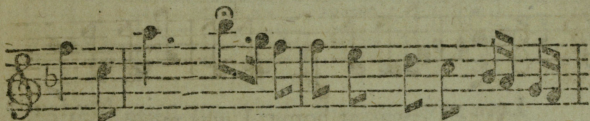
sey. Oh ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal



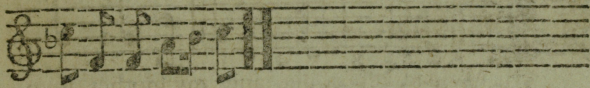
Casey, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey



My dear little Sheelah, I thought would run



crazy, Oh! When I trudg'd away with tough



Corporal Cafey.

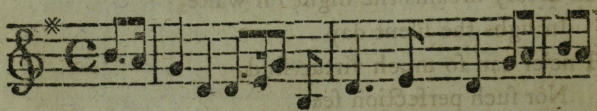
I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisey,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Cafey.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Cafey!
The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Cafey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
And who should the first be that dropt?—why, an't
please ye,

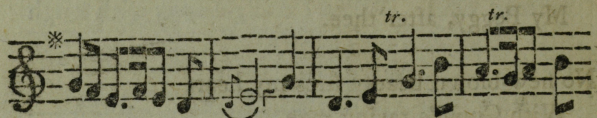
It was my good friend, honest Corporal Cafey:
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Cafey.
Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Cafey.

SONG CXLIX.

MY DEARY IF THOU DIE.



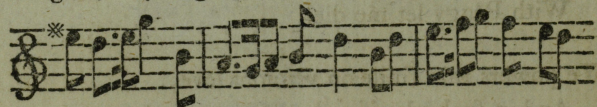
Love never more shall give me pain; My fan-



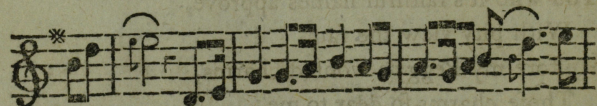
cy's fixt on thee; Nor ever maid my heart shall



gain, My Peg-gy if thou die. Thy beau-



ty doth such pleasure give, Thy love so true



to me, Without thee I can ne-ver live, My



dea-ry if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when it's destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

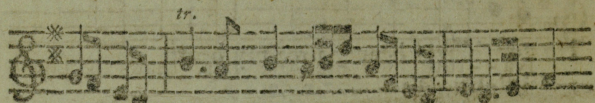
Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who it's faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from these arms:
I'm lost, if Peggy die.

SONG CL.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.



Saw ye nae my Peg-gy, Saw ye nae my



Peg-gy, Saw ye nae my Peggy coming o'er



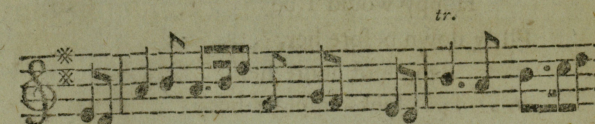
the lee? Sure a finer creature Ne'er was



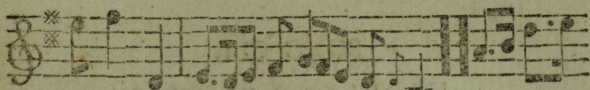
form'd by nature, So compleat each feature,



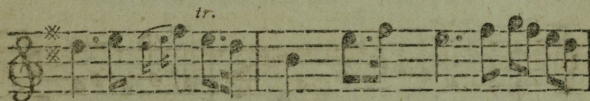
So divine is she. O how Peg-gy charms



me, ev'ry look still warms me, Ev'ry thought:



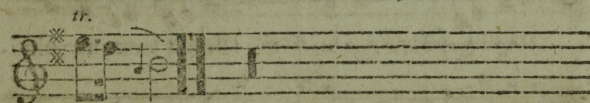
alarms me, Left she love not me. Peg - gy



doth dis - co - ver, Nought but charms all over,



Na - - ture bids me love her, that's a law



to me.

Who would leave a lover,

To become a rover ?

No, I'll ne'er give over,

Till I happy be.

For since love inspires me,

As her beauty fires me,

And her absence tires me,

Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,

Fate seems to detain her,

Could I but obtain her,

Happy would I be !

I'll ly down before her,

Bless, sigh, and adore her,

With faint looks implore her,

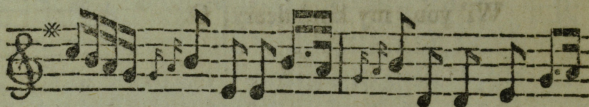
Till she pity me,

SONG CLI.

MY AIN KIND DEARY, O.



Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg, My ain



kind dea-ry O, And cuddle there fae'kind-



ly, Wi'me, my kind deary O. At thor-nie



dike, and bir-ken tree, We'll daff, and ne'er



be wea-ry, O : They'll fcug ill een frae you



and me. Mine ain kind deary O.

Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!

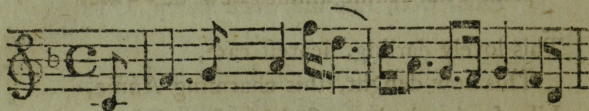
While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for world's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' you, my kind deary, O.

VOL. II.

G g

SONG CLII.

ALLAN WATER.



What numbers shall the muse repeat ! What



verse be found to praise my Annie ? On her



ten thousand gra - ces wait, Each swain admires



and owns she's bon - ny. Since first she trode



the hap - py plain, She set each youthful heart



on fire: Each nymph does to her swain com-



plain That Annie kindles new de -- fire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive you?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve you.

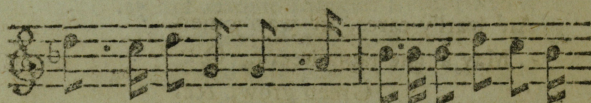
Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart—
 Cease, poor Amyntor! cease bemoaning:
 Some brighter beauty you may find;
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

SONG CLIII.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.



There's nought but care on ev'ry han' In ev'ry



hour that passes, O : What signifies the life o'



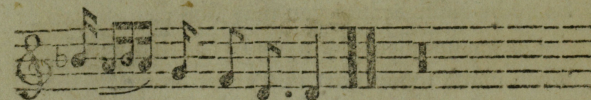
man, An' twere not for the lasses, O? Green



grow the rashes, O ; Green grow the rashes, O,



The sweetest hours that e'er I spend Are spent



a - mong the lasses, O.

The warl'y race may riches chace,
And riches still may flee them O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O :
An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men
May a' gae rapfaihteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

For you fae doufe ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

SONG CLIV.

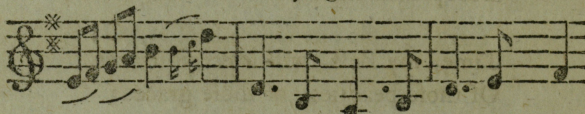
THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE
THEE.



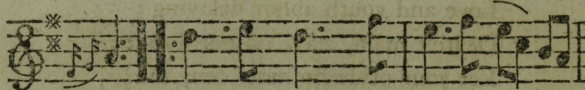
Bet--ty ear-ly gone a may-ing, Met



her lover Willie straying, Drift or chance no



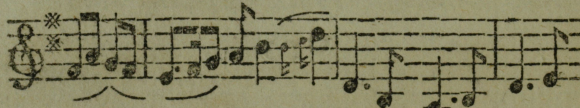
matter whither, This we know he reason'd with



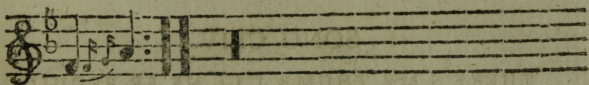
her: Mark, dear maid, the turtles coo-ing,



Fondly bil-ling, kind--ly woo-ing See, how



ev'-ry bush dis-covers happy pairs of feather'd



lo - vers.

See, the op'ning blush of roses
 All their secret charms disclose ;
 Sweet's the time, ah ! short's the measure ;
 O their fleeting hasty pleasure !
 Quickly we must snatch the favour,
 Of their soft and fragrant flavour ;
 They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,
 Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

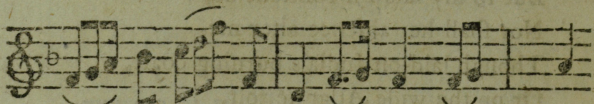
Time, my Bess, will leave no traces
 Of those beauties, of those graces ;
 Youth and love forbid our staying ;
 Love and youth abhor delaying ;
 Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me ;
 Let your pride no more deny me ;
 Never doubt your faithful Willie :
 There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG CLV.

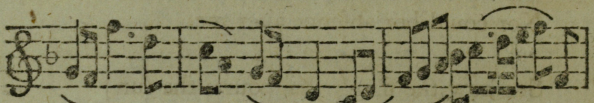
HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.



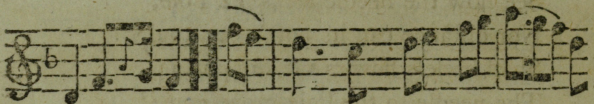
Though distant far from Jef - fy's charms, I



stretch in vain my longing arms, Though part-



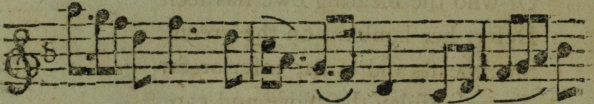
ed by the depths of sea, Her absence shall not



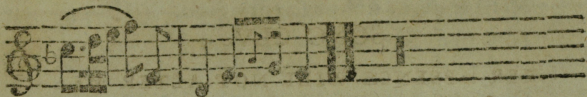
al - ter me. Tho' beauteous nymphs I see a-



round, A Chloris, Flo - ra, might be found, Or



Phyl - lis with her rov - ing eye : Her absence



shall not al - - ter me.

A fairer face, à sweeter smile,
Inconstant lovers may beguile,
But to my las I'll constant be,
Nor shall her absence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coast,
Or on the wide Atlantic tost,
My mind from love no pow'r could free,
Nor could her absence alter me.

See how the flow'r that courts the sun,
Pursues him till his race is run !
See how the needle seeks the Pole,
Nor distance can its pow'r controul !
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the Pole prove true ;
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me ?

Ask, who has seen the turtle dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove ?
Or who the bleating ewe has seen
Desert her lambkin on the green ?
Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
To us, display their love and care ?

Shall they in union sweet agree,
And shall her absence alter me?

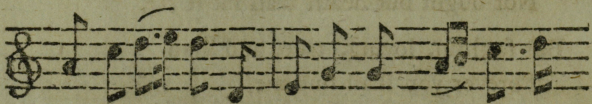
For conqu'ring love is strong as death,
Like vehement flames his pow'ful breath,
'Thro' floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n thro' the sea's devouring deeps:
His vehement flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;
My faithful Jessy then shall see,
Her absence has not alter'd me.

SONG CLVI.

LOCH-EROGH SIDE.



As I came by Loch Eroch side, The lofty



hills surveying, The water clear, the heather



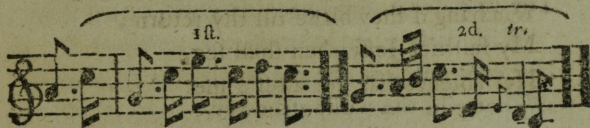
blooms Their fragrance sweet conveying. I



met unfought, my lovely maid, I found her like



May-morning; With graces sweet and charms so



rare, her person all adorning. Person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,

When in my arms I press'd her!

And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,

As fondly I carefs'd her.

She said, if that your heart be true,

If constantly you'll love me,

I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns,

Nor ought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,

Forever you shall find me,

And of our meeting here so sweet,

Loch Eroch side will mind me.

Enraptur'd then, "My lovely lass!

I cry'd, no more we'll tarry,

We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch side,

For lovers soon should marry."

SONG CLVII.

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—*Loch Eroch Side.*

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning :
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the chrystal streams,
And chear each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them,
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight
And sweetly tempt to taste them :
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
When feath' red pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of furly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning pow'rs to lessen :

And fretful! envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

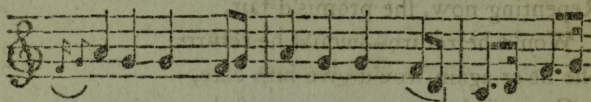
Ye pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

SONG CLVIII.

THE LASS OF LIVINGTON.



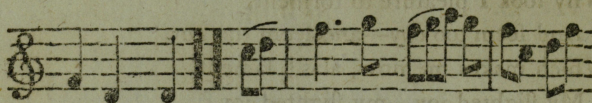
Pain'd with her flighting Jamie's love, Bell



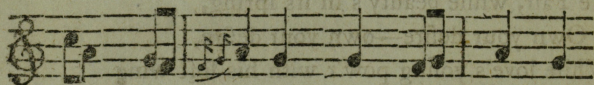
dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear ; The gods de-



scended from a - bove, Well pleas'd to hear, well



pleas'd to hear : They heard the praises of the



youth, From her own tongue, From her own



tongue, Who now converted was to truth, And



thus she sung, and thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind :
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame ?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy.
 Which makes me now, alas ! lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy ?

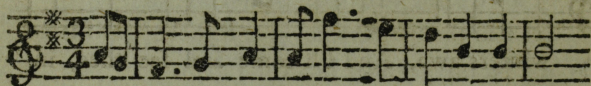
Ye Fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire !
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

H h 2.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime
 With flowing eyes,—with flowing eyes,
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprize,—with sweet surprize.
 Some god had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd,—his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, my love,
 I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd.

SONG CLIX.

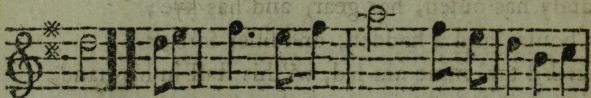
LOGIE OF BUCHAN.



O Lo-gie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird,



They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the

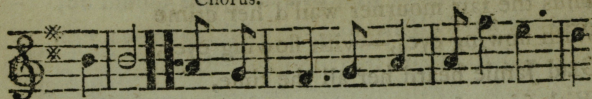


yard! Who play'd on the pipe, wi the viol fac

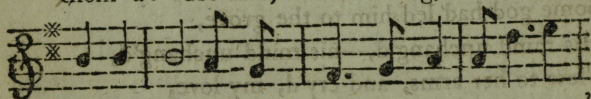


fma', They ha'e taen awa Jamie the flow'r o'

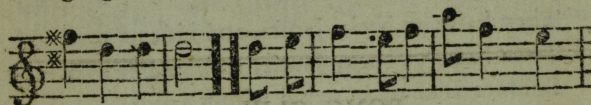
Cnorus.



them a'. He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I



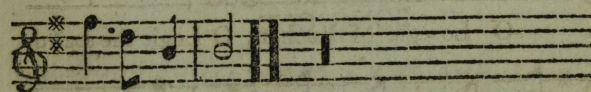
gang a - wa; He said, Think na lang lassie, tho'



I gang awa': For the simmer is coming, cauld



winters awa, And I'll come and see thee, in



spite o' them a'

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;

A house, and a hadden, and filler forby:

But I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,

Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses and land.

He said, think na lang lassie, &c.

My daddy looks fulky, my minny looks four;

They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor:

H b 3

Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
They are nae half fae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

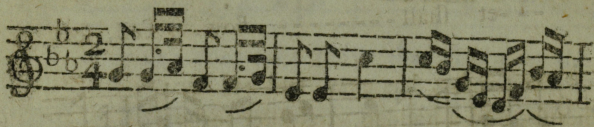
He said, think na lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me so weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa.

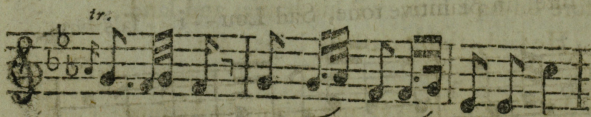
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa.
Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.

SONG CLX.

THE NUN'S COMPLAINT.



In this sad and silent gloom lost Lou-i-fa



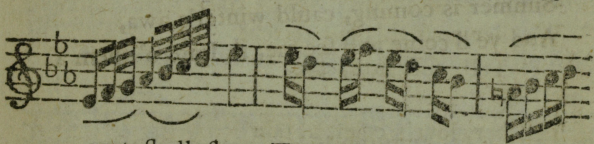
pines unknown, Shrouded in a living tomb,



Doom'd to pine a --- lone. Midst the



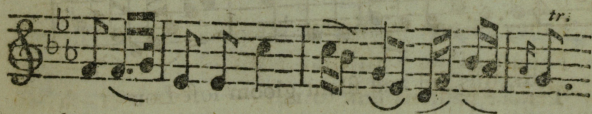
fi - lent shades of woe, Tears of fond re -



gret shall flow, Tears of fond re - gret ---



--- et shall ----- flow. Tell, soft



lute, in plaintive tone, Sad Lou -- i -- fa's hap -



less moan, Midst the fi - lent shades of woe,



Still the tears must flow.

Ye dark clouds, who sail along,
Hide me in your shade profound;
Whisp'ring breezes bear my song,
To the woods around.

Should some pensive lover's feet,
Wander near this sad retreat,
Tell, soft lute, &c.

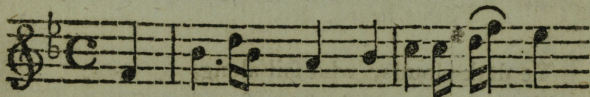
Tell her, love's celestial tale
Yields no bliss, no joy inspires,
Cold religion's icy veil
Darkens all his fires.

No soft ray adorns the gloom,
Round the hapless vestal's tomb.
Tell, soft lute, &c.

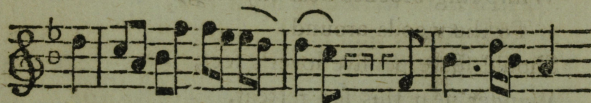
Fancy's flame within my breast,
Faintly glows with vital heat;
Tender passions sink to rest—
Soft my pulses beat!
Soon these languid eyes shall close,
Death's cold dart shall seal my woes!
Tell, soft lute, &c.

SONG CLXI.

THE KNITTING GIRL.



Hark, Phillis, hark, thro' yon - der grove,



Responsive Nature sings; Love seeks the deep



embowerd alcove, and lends swift Fancy wings.



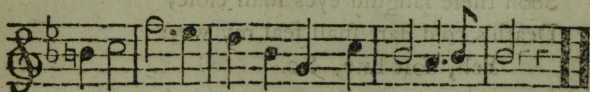
Phillis heard, but Phillis fat, silent knitting,

tr.



silent knitting at her cottage gate: Phillis heard

tr.



but fat silent knitting at her cottage gate.

Enthron'd, he's seated in thine eye,
 Where he, tho' blind, can see
 Himself reflected in each sigh,
 He bids me breathe for thee.
 Phillis heard, &c.

Lo! tow'rd's the bow'r he beckons now,
 O rise, and come away!
 From ill to ward thee is his vow,
 To guard, and not betray.
 Phillis heard, but Phillis fat
 No longer knitting at her cottage gate.

SONG CLXII.

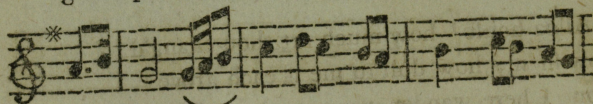
ALLOA HOUSE.



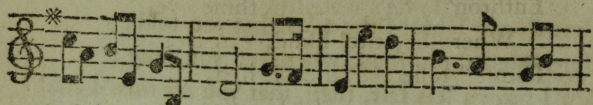
The spring time returns, and cloaths the



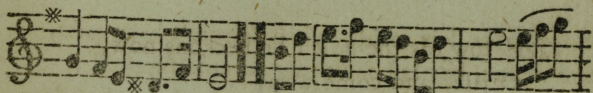
green plains, And Alloa shines more chearful



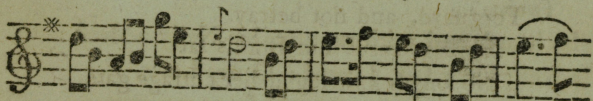
and gay; The lark tunes his throat, and the



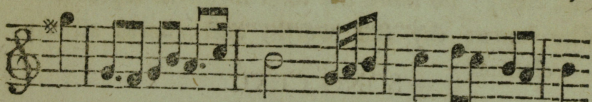
neighbouring swains sing merrily round me where-



e - ver I stray; But San - dy no more re -



turns to my view! No spring time me cheers,



no mu - sic can charm, He's gone, and I fear



me for e - ver a - dieu! Adieu, ev'ry pleasure



this bo - som can warm!

O Alloo house! how much art thou chang'd!

How silent, how dull to me is each grove!

Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,

Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!

Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
 Here listened too fond, whenever you sung;
 Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue;

So spoke the fair maid; when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress:
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear
 swain,

Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address:
 My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my Love,
 No power shall thee tear again from my arm,
 And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy
 charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love! be true? she reply'd.
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true;
 Then adieu! to all sorrow: what foul is so blind
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

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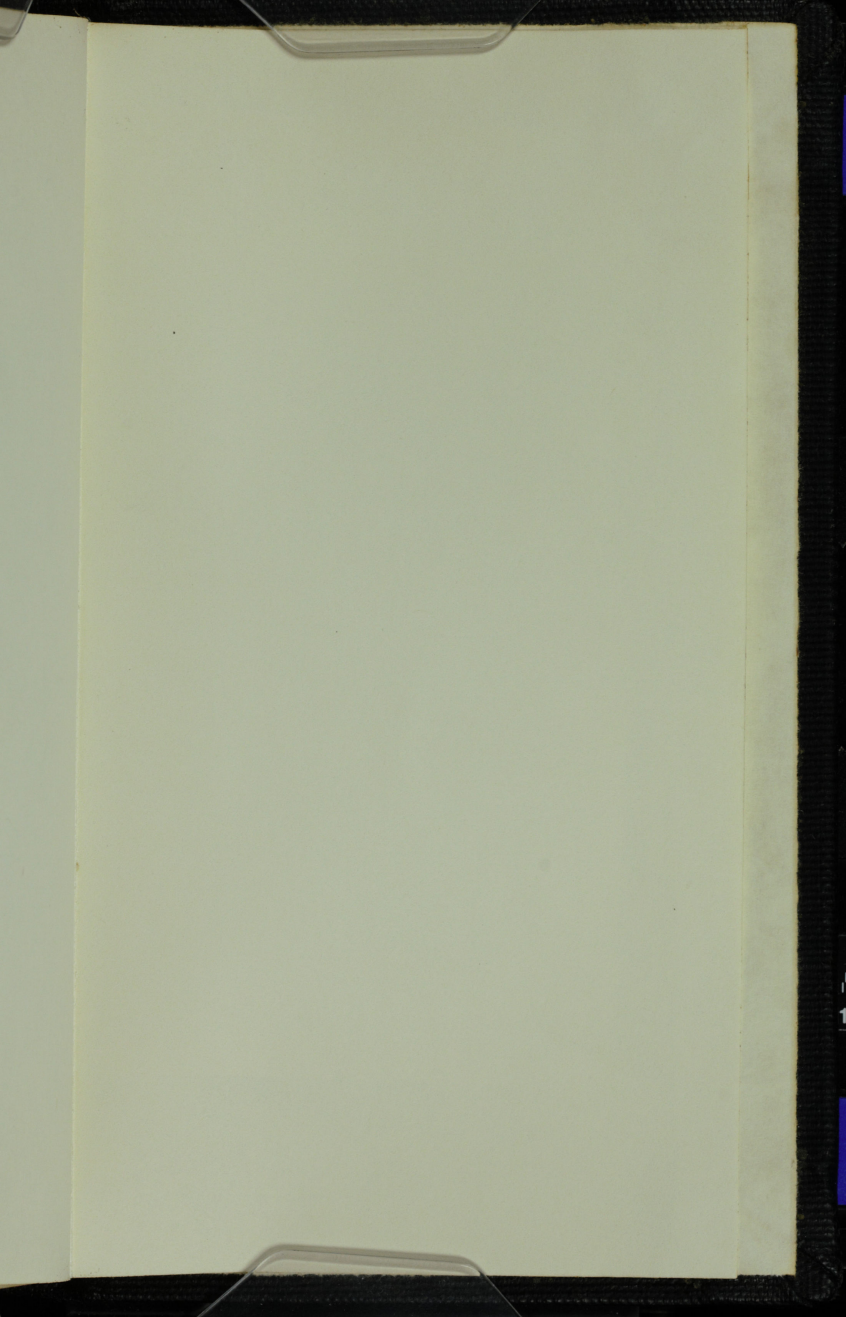
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